

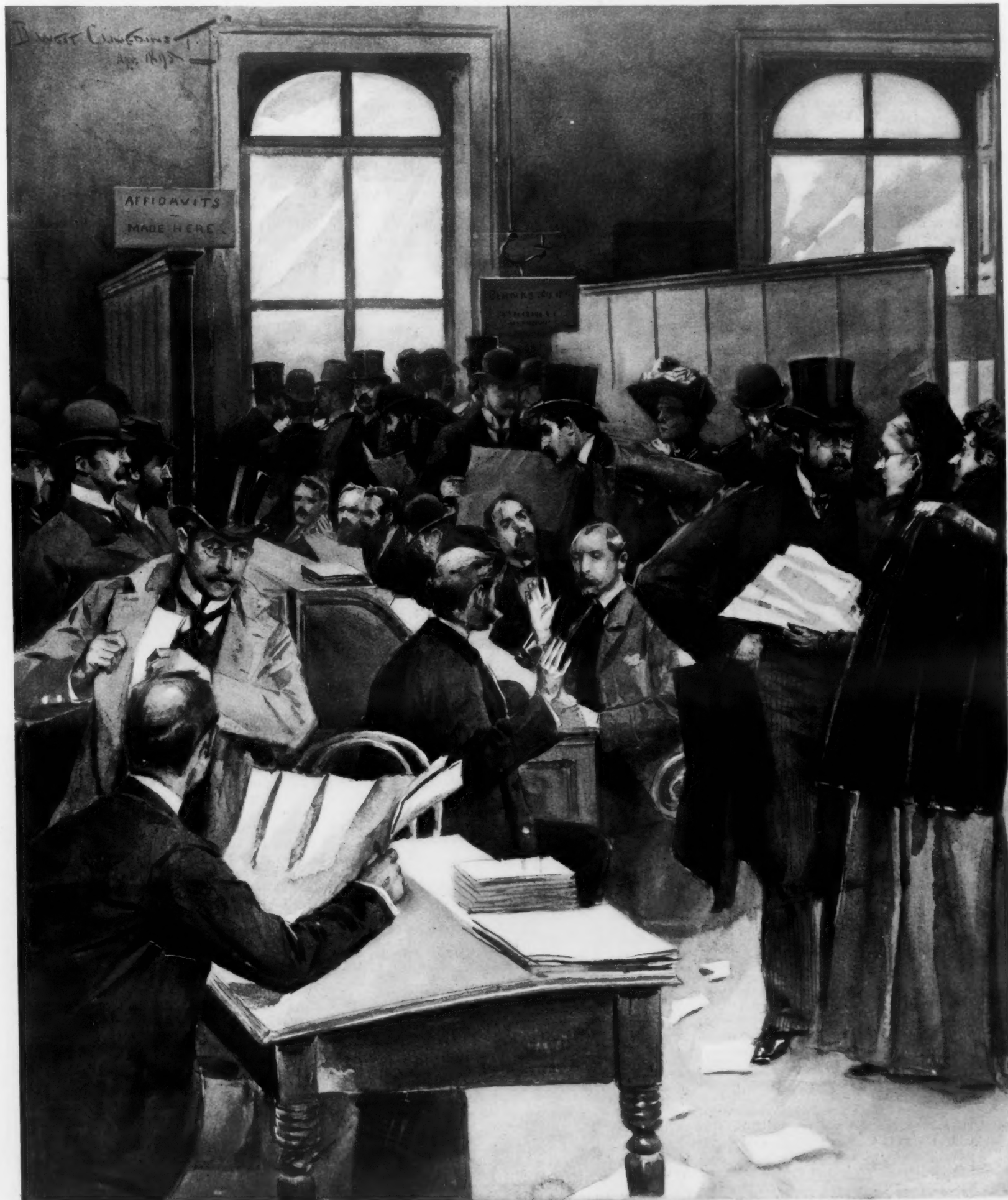
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. LXXX.—No. 2068
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NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1895

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



THE INCOME-TAX MUDDLE—BELATED TAX-PAYERS FILING THEIR RETURNS AT AN INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MAY 2, 1895.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

Mr. Cleveland's Appeal.



R. CLEVELAND'S letter to the business men of Chicago, in which he emphasizes the necessity of a thorough and aggressive organization of the friends of sound money in opposition to the "forces of silver monometallism," has greatly exasperated the advocates of free silver coinage, many of whom are pelting him with the most violent invective. There can be no question as to the timeliness of the President's statement as to the urgency of the situation. The free-silverites are displaying, everywhere, the liveliest activity in the work of organization; they are disseminating free-silver literature broadcast over the country, and their insidious and specious appeals are undoubtedly making a serious impression among the ignorant and discontented classes of our population. Meanwhile those who stand for a sound currency have no definite plan of campaign, and are doing nothing whatever to expose the vagaries of their antagonists and enlighten the people concerning the mischief and disaster which would infallibly follow their enactment into laws. The local successes which Populism and the free-silver movement have achieved in the elections of the past year are largely the result of this indifference and inactivity of the great substantial interests of the country. It is to these that Mr. Cleveland makes his appeal, and it cannot be doubted that it will exert upon public opinion at large a wholesome and stimulating influence.

Politically, the action of the President is likely to be attended by important results. It will greatly accentuate the dissensions in the Democratic party on the silver question, if, indeed, it does not lead to its actual dismemberment. The followers of the President can never consent to any compromise with the extreme silver men, who are struggling to commit the party to their dangerous policy, and the latter have already served notice that if they cannot have their way in the party they will have it outside of it. Which of the factions will prove the stronger in the crucial struggle which now seems to be inevitable, the event only can determine. If Mr. Cleveland had been less inconsistent than he has proved to be as to the general currency question his leadership might now prove invincible; but his parleying with the State-bank schemers, in order to help his party, and other lapses into financial error, have sensibly impaired his influence, and it may turn out that the standard lifted against him will gather to its support the dominating elements of the Democracy. In that event, a new alignment of parties, with supreme reference to the sound money issue, may be among the possibilities, with results of infinitely wider reach than have hitherto been conceived of. Whatever complications may arise, Republicans who care for the national honor and reverence the honorable financial record of the party must stand loyally and inflexibly for sound money and the public credit, seeking, at whatever sacrifice of mere partisan considerations, to assure, in the settlement of this grave question, the safety of the national interests and the permanent ascendancy of sound principles in our fiscal policy.

The Triumph of Japan.



HERE is a basis of truth in the lamentation of English newspapers that European supremacy in eastern Asia is seriously endangered by the triumph of Japan in her war with China. The acceptance of the conditions of peace imposed by the conquering Power involve practically the subjugation of the empire which has stood for centuries in the way of all progress in civilization. Japan obtains control of the Liao Tung peninsula to the fortieth degree of latitude, which assures her possession of the naval stronghold of Port Arthur and of all the territory northward clear up to the capital of Manchuria, and from the Liao River on the west to the Korean border on the east—a total area of about thirty-seven thousand square miles. She secures, also, in addition to a protectorate over Korea, the coveted island of Formosa, with other territorial and strategic advantages, besides concessions as to the opening of five new ports, including Peking, to commerce, and the introduction of Japanese cotton factories and other industries into China. Thus she establishes an Asiatic bulwark against further European intrusion, and all the conditions

of Eastern politics are reversed. The problem of the future ceases to be exclusively a European problem, as it has been assumed to be, and its solution becomes the concern of the newly-civilized forces which have emerged into dominance in Asiatic life.

Of course the new conditions are not pleasing to the Powers which have been waiting and planning for many decades for the disintegration of China, in the hope of dividing among themselves the remains of the dismembered empire. It occasions no surprise, for instance, when we read in the London newspapers that "the States having relations with eastern Asia will not consent to any treaty of peace between the lately belligerent Powers which conflicts with the legitimate rights of Europeans," or gives to Japan "a political and commercial mastery over China." Protests of this character, however, based upon mere arrogant pretension, will not be likely to make any serious impression upon the peoples most immediately affected. China has nothing to gain from European intervention, while an alliance with Japan may avert from her calamities which, with England, France, and Russia menacing her autonomy, would sooner or later inevitably overtake her.

It is interesting to remember that this marvelous revolution in Eastern affairs has been accomplished in the very short space of eight months. When Japan entered upon the conflict she had no distinctive rating as a fighting Power; she comes out of it recognized of all as one of the strong Powers of the world, abreast with the foremost in organizing genius, effective fighting capacity, and sagacious statesmanship. Germany conquered France in six months or less, but that achievement, great as it is admitted to have been, was, in the influence it exerted upon civilization and human progress, in no sense comparable with the marvelous triumph which Japan has won in the recent conflict—a conflict in which, from first to last, not a single reverse arrested the progress of her arms.

The Question of the Seals.

As was expected, the suggestion of Secretary Gresham, looking to a joint convention by Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and the United States for the purpose of agreeing upon regulations for the protection of the seal industry, is not looked upon with favor by the Canadian government, to which it was referred by the British Cabinet. Secretary Gresham urged a prompt acceptance of his proposition, with a view of putting a stop to the piratical depredations of the Canadian sealers during the present season, but the influence of those engaged in the industry has outweighed with the home government all considerations of humanity, and the pelagic hunters, who last year made an exceptionally profitable catch of seals, will continue their work of extermination for at least another year. It is suggested in some quarters that it might be well, in order to bring the Canadian government to terms on this question, to adopt a retaliatory policy. We might, for instance, stop the transportation of American merchandise from one place to another in the United States across Canadian territory—a traffic from which the Canadian railroads derive, it is said by some, a revenue of twenty million dollars a year. Last year, according to one statement, our railroads delivered to the Canadian roads more than six hundred thousand loaded cars, and it is argued, not unreasonably, that these corporations would find no difficulty, if menaced with the loss of this great traffic, in compelling their government to acquiesce in a settlement of the sealing question on a just and humane basis. The objection to this retaliatory policy is that it would be seriously harmful to our own roads, but possibly the temporary loss sustained by them would be more than made up to the country in other directions.

In connection with this general subject, the following communication from a gentleman who speaks from personal knowledge of the facts, protesting against the justice of certain comments in these columns concerning the non-payment of the award agreed upon by this government, will be found of interest:

"To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—In the last issue of the WEEKLY there appears an editorial in which Congress is severely arraigned for not voting the necessary funds for executing the award of the Behring Sea tribunal of arbitration. Reference is had to its failure to ratify Secretary Gresham's late bargain with Minister Pauncefoot in regard to payments to Canadian sealing vessels which were seized in past years. This matter was not, however, submitted to the tribunal, as its jurisdiction did not include the assessment of damages. Consequently it had no power to make, nor did it attempt to make, any such assessment. It follows that Congress has not been guilty of the charge laid against it.

"The facts are these: The treaty of arbitration provided that the question of damages should be settled by 'further negotiation' between the two nations. Pursuant to this provision the two statesmen in question got together last winter and agreed that the United States should pay to Great Britain about four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars damages for vessels seized in past years. This agreement had, of course, to be ratified by Congress before it could become binding on the United States. Congress very properly refused to ratify it. Any one at all conversant with the facts knows that the damages which it would be proper for the United States to pay to Canadian sealers amount to not over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two-thirds of this sum would be more nearly correct, as shown by public papers now on file in the State Department, but which Mr. Gresham seemingly ignores. It may well be that in the end it would be cheaper for Congress to pay four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars than to refer the question to a joint commission, but this consideration has, of course, nothing to do with the charge made that we are not living up to our treaty obligations. So few people are conversant with the voluminous and intricate facts arising out of the arbitration, that the impression is easily conveyed that Congress has broken these obligations by refusing to vote the sum of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Nothing could be

farther from the truth, and I know that your paper would not knowingly give comfort to the British by misrepresenting the facts."

A Preventive for Arson.



THE recent revelations as to an organized gang of "fire-bugs" in New York City, with branches in other cities and towns, have undoubtedly produced both alarm and surprise in the public mind. Among insurance experts, however, these revelations have caused no astonishment. They have long suspected and believed that this extraordinary kind of business was diligently prosecuted in many communities. Major Merrill, an insurance commissioner in Massachusetts, several years ago gave his opinion that seventy per cent. of all our fires arose from clearly preventable causes, and that at least a third were of incendiary origin. Other close observers have reached substantially the same conclusion, based on actual investigations and the disclosures revealed by a study of the facts in a variety of cases.

Now, since every fire started in a crowded city for the sake of getting a few hundreds or thousands of dollars on a worthless stock of goods or of domestic furniture is a menace not only to other adjacent property, but to human life, and peculiarly so in tenement districts, does it not behoove a wise commonwealth or city or social corporation to devise not merely a suitable punishment for this infamous crime of arson, but, better than punishment, a preventive?

The city of Montreal proposes rather a radical cure for this evil, apparently believing that the greed for business on the part of insurance companies is a largely contributory cause. The Montreal plan is for the city to insure and to have an insurance tax, like a water rate. But this, while in line with much of the socialistic self-government now popular in many English municipalities, does not, it seems to us, quite reach the seat of the disease. To be sure, it probably would eliminate the dishonest agent or dishonest company that over-insures doubtful risks, and also the dishonest adjuster who stands in with the incendiary. But, as long as the incentive of a certain monetary compensation for loss incurred by fire remains for the comparatively moneyless or dishonest classes, so long incendiary fires will occur, whether the city or a corporation be the insurer.

We do not antagonize the idea of city or State insurance. We know it works well in some communities. But we believe that, whoever the insurer may be, a closer and a more frequent examination of risks should be had, and that, wherever practicable—that is, wherever the exact value of a man's house and goods can be ascertained—the companies should have the option, and should use it as often as they can, to restore the premises in statu quo, instead of paying a monetary indemnity. In addition to this, the punishment for the crime of arson, which nearly always involves the possibility of murder, and sometimes murder by wholesale, should be imprisonment for life and an escheat to the community of any property possessed by the individual.

American News in England.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY'S establishment in New York as the American correspondent of the London Times will set a new fashion in the interchange of transatlantic news. Hitherto there has hardly been an interchange of news over the cables. English news is published in the newspapers of this country in constantly increasing volume; but the volume of American news which goes eastward to England is incredibly small. At the present time there is not one daily newspaper in London that maintains in New York a correspondent in the full acceptance of the term; not one London daily journal which receives from New York letters by cable and by mail similar to those which, since the 'sixties, Mr. Smalley has written for the New York Tribune. There are two or three newspaper men attached to New York papers who send occasional cablegrams to the Standard, the Daily News, and the Daily Telegraph in London, but no one of these men is so engaged, one day with another, for more than five minutes a day; and the cablegrams so sent are short and scrappy, and are usually intended to eke out the news-agency reports of disasters, alleged lynchings in the West and South, labor riots, and sensational crimes.

Although the London Times is most liberal in the use of the cables from the great cities on the European continent and in Asia, and is represented in those places by men of international fame as newspaper correspondents, its service of American news by cable has never been much fuller than that of the other London morning papers. Like them it has relied upon the news agencies, supplemented on occasions by short telegrams from Philadelphia. As regards the English provincial newspapers, not one of them has a correspondent in New York who ever uses the cable for anything but market and financial news, nor do any of them regularly receive correspondence by mail.

The ignorance of American affairs in England is astounding in view of the fact that both countries speak the same

language. Any one who has ever read a London daily newspaper for a week must have been impressed by it. Some of the editorial writers seem not to possess an elementary acquaintance with even the geography of the United States; while as concerns American politics, it is doubtful if there are half a dozen men in Fleet Street who could write an intelligible and approximately accurate account of the way in which a Presidential campaign is conducted. English newspaper men do not seem to make even a pretense of giving any attention to American affairs. Their impression is that no one in England cares at all for American news, except what concerns finance and the prices of cotton, wheat, and pork. Only as recently as the great car strike in Brooklyn, the *London Spectator* made it apparent that it had no knowledge of the trolley system, which has been so generally applied to the street railways of this country during the last five or six years. In condemning the Brooklyn rioters for cutting the wires, the *Spectator* gave its readers the impression that the wires cut were those used by the telegraph companies, not those used in the working of the trolley-cars.

This ignorance and indifference on the part of English people about American affairs is a comparatively new thing. It can, strange to say, be dated from the laying of the Atlantic cables. Prior to that time American news was a prominent and permanent feature in English daily newspapers. Several of the London papers had correspondents in New York and Boston, and in addition to their letters the American newspapers were systematically drawn upon. Any one who will turn up the files of the *London Times* between the 'thirties and the 'fifties can see with what care the work of the exchange editors was done, and with what good results as regards the news value of the papers. In those days it was possible for an intelligent Englishman to follow American affairs with interest, and Englishmen of thirty years ago were much better informed as to America than they are to-day. When the cables came into existence news taken from the American papers in London disappeared, and there came into vogue in English journalism the scrappy cablegrams which have been described. Mr. Smalley is not a correspondent to be identified with news of this order. He comes to send to London correspondence by cable and by mail similar to that he has so long sent from London to New York. The *London Times* just now is again setting the lead in English journalism. What it does in regard to American news will sooner or later have to be done by the other London journals which make any pretensions to being newspapers.



WHAT'S GOING ON

THE French government has so far recognized the demands of the socialist as to establish a credit of four hundred thousand dollars a year for the benefit of aged workmen who have been for ten years subscribers to benefit societies. The maximum allowance to beneficiaries is only one franc per day, but now that the principle of state pensions for the aged is formally established, it will be comparatively easy to extend its operation indefinitely as to the amount of the help given. In one respect the policy is commendable; in basing the pension upon the providence and money-saving habit of the recipients, rather than upon their necessities, it encourages thrift, and thus more or less directly contributes to the general prosperity.

THE characterization of the Wilson Tariff bill as a measure to produce a deficit, made during its consideration in Congress, has been justified by its results. The revenue from customs is steadily diminishing, and with the expenditures pared down to the lowest limit, the treasury deficiency is now over fifty millions of dollars. If the present ratio obtains for the balance of the fiscal year the deficit will be at least fifty-five millions of dollars. With the certainty that a comparatively meagre sum will be realized from the income tax, and with the receipts from customs falling off, the treasury prospects are far from encouraging, and it is not surprising that the officials who have made such a woful mess of things are troubled and anxious about the future. It is possible, as they claim, that no further issue of bonds will be necessary before the meeting of Congress, but it is by no means certain that such a resort to additional borrowing will be escaped.

It is gratifying to learn that this country is to be represented at the Kiel celebration in June next by the finest American fleet which has visited European waters for a quarter of a century. The fleet will consist of the armored cruiser *New York* as flag-ship, the triple-screw flyer *Columbia*, the *San Francisco*, and the *Marblehead*, now in the Levant for the protection of American interests. These vessels embody the best and highest results of American naval skill, and are unquestionably the finest ships of their class afloat. As such they will furnish an object-lesson of the remarkable progress we have made in constructing our new navy, which cannot fail to impress foreign nations. The fact that these vessels have been detached from the home squadron for this representative service abroad seems to show that the government has no apprehension at all

that it will become involved in the complications which now embarrass the American republics south of us.

THE Worcester *Spy*, referring to the fact that the chronoscope, a machine to measure the speed of mental and nervous action, has recently been added to the equipment of the school of pedagogy of the University of the City of New York, suggests that the invention might be profitably employed in other fields than that to which reference is especially made. Why not, it asks, put one at the service of Mr. Cleveland, to enable him to test the mental quickness of applicants for office? "Indeed, why should not every civil-service examination include a chronoscope test?" It might be usefully applied even to candidates for the Presidency. It sometimes happens that incumbents of this office are persons of slow apprehension—incapable of discerning promptly and clearly the drift of public opinion, and fail, as a consequence, to measure up to the expectations and wishes of the public. All this might be avoided by the application of the new test as a preliminary to election. And the same thing is true as to legislators, Governors, and other officials. If some of the Republicans in the New York Legislature had been subjected to this test before the last election we might have in the places they are disgracing men of sufficiently acute perception to discern and respect the popular will as to measures of the highest public concern.

TAMMANY HALL has again placed Mr. Croker in supreme control, having elected thirteen sachems of his selection, who represent his peculiar style of politics. In this action Tammany shows that it has learned nothing from the disasters it sustained in the last election, and that it believes it can recover the prestige it has lost without any essential change in its policy or methods. We think its managers have made a mistake; that they would have shown a higher and truer appreciation of their opportunity if they had sought, in the work of rehabilitation, the co-operation of the better element of the party and so brought about a concentration of all the Democratic forces of the city and State. It is well known that some of the party leaders have been making an effort in that direction, in the belief that the Republican mistakes at Albany would contribute to a Democratic restoration if the party could be united, but the action of Tammany in selecting as sachems men who are discredited before the people seems to show that this movement has failed, and that the dominant influence in the party management will remain as heretofore. It would be unsafe, however, to assume that this reorganization of the wigwam is without real significance. It means that there is to be a renewal of fighting all along the line, and that the old and desperate partisan autocracy so long in the mastery will seek to recover, by every means at its command, the power it has temporarily lost. Whether it is to succeed will depend primarily, if not wholly, upon the fidelity and integrity of those whom the people have intrusted with the responsibilities of government.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

IN glancing over some year-old *Centurys* I find in the copy for last April an article by William Henry Bishop, entitled: "Hunting an Abandoned Farm in Connecticut," in which, after saying that such a thing as an abandoned farm doesn't exist, he tells how he was absolutely unable to find any desirable place for a reasonable amount of money. Concerning the abandoned farms now in existence he writes: "It is a pure figment of the imagination; it is a moving text for statisticians of a sentimental turn and newspaper paragraphers who have never been out to see the facts for themselves—it does not exist." This statement is a key-note to the accuracy of the whole article. The abandoned farm does exist, and can be found within two hours of New York. A few months after Mr. Bishop took the trip of which he tells, I started upon a somewhat similar one. His first objective point, New Canaan, was mine. But fortunately—or unfortunately—I went no further. Where Mr. Bishop found only "a poor little house with a wet cellar for eighteen hundred dollars; another better, but no larger, with seventy-five acres, for four thousand dollars"—and so on through an unattractive list, I discovered a most delightful old colonial farm-house, with thirty acres of rugged, picturesque land, along the edge of which ran a dashing stream with enough trout in it to satisfy any ordinarily ambitious fisherman; and beside, there were two fairly comfortable barns, an orchard—old, but yielding ten or twelve barrels of apples a year—and excellent meadow-land for horses and cows. And the farm was abandoned, too, not having been worked for thirty years. All this I found in the tracks of Mr. Bishop—for two hundred dollars a year. I write of this because as the spring-tide comes on there are many, many persons in whom city-sickness develops strongly, and who have no place to turn but to the dismal country boarding-houses of the suburbs. To these I say, "Why not go out into the real country and get a place of your own?" There are many of them to be had for songs, within an hour or so of New York, "with green grass below, and sky above, and purest air filling all between."

Once a year, and once only, the Players Club gives itself over to outsiders. And it goes without saying that

this rare occasion is ladies' day. The twenty-third of April—Shakespeare's birthday—is set apart each year, and each Player is allowed to bid two guests—women, of course—and the gathering is as curiously a brilliant one as comes together in New York during the whole year. Every one is there somewhere, either up-stairs in the cozy library overlooking Gramercy Park, or down-stairs in the reading- and grill-rooms, or on the staircases. It is hard to turn a corner without encountering some well-known face. All the arts and society at large rub shoulders and do honor to the femininity that floats through the charming rooms. It is a gala-day for members and guests alike—to be remembered when far more important ones are forgot.

The "summer novel" makes its appearance early in these days of eager competition, and for more than one good reason. When the drowsy dog-days come, even exceptional books drop from one's hands unread—the summer book, snatched up from the station book-stall in the hurry of train time, is never even looked at. But at this time of year we still may read a bit, and the earliest "summer novel" catches the readers. Mrs. Reginald de Koven's "A Sawdust Doll," published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, is the first on hand this year, and is a very readable little story. The characters are sketchy and ill-defined, and as a whole it is rather fragmentary and incidental; but it is written with some skill—though with too evident an attempt at a "style"—and can pass three or four hours away very pleasantly.

It will be interesting to all lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson to know that his unfinished work is to be published just as he left it. There are at least three long stories in various stages of completion—one of them only half written—but no meddling hand is to be allowed to piece them out; they are to come to us intact, as he would have wished. No doubt Mr. Henry James, one of the executors of Stevenson's will, has had much to do with this very unusual, but very fitting, treatment of an author's posthumous work.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—OF the three great British playwrights of the present time—Pinero, Sydney Grundy, and Henry Arthur Jones—it seems generally agreed that Jones, with his "Bauble Shop," "Masqueraders," and "Dancing Girl," is first. His latest success, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," has not diminished his reputation. Mr. Jones lives in London, in a house formerly occupied by Alma-Tadema, and elaborately decorated. He was a country boy when he came up to the city, and is forty-three years old. He wrote his first play, "Leah," when eighteen, but it was not until twelve years later that he scored a genuine success in "The Silver King." Mr. Jones says that it takes him about nine months to write a play—six months to think it out and three to write it.

—Bill Nye might be mistaken by a stranger for a judge, and, as a matter of fact, he was a lawyer, when lack of practice drove him into newspaper work in Laramie. He is a man of very sober demeanor, and rarely cracks jokes outside of newspaper columns. He has been known, however, to play a practical joke on a friend. John Fox, Jr., says that when Lieutenant Greeley started on his expedition to the North Pole Nye gave him a sealed box that was not to be opened until he had reached his farthest point north. It contained axle-grease for the pole.

—Réjane's after-the-theatre supper is a simple repast as compared with the elaborate "spreads" indulged in at midnight by many actresses. Usually it comprises only a Welsh rarebit or a "golden buck" and a pitcher of beer. The celebrated artiste showed a similar thriftiness while she was in New York in the matter of cab hire. Ordinarily she took a cable-car from her hotel to the theatre, and when the weather was fine she frequently walked.

—It was when Henry Harland, editor of *The Yellow Book*, was a young lawyer, that he made his first attempts at literature. In order to gain time for this work he fell into the curious habit of going to bed immediately after dinner and rising at two o'clock in the morning. Then, fortified by a cup of black coffee, he would work assiduously with his pen until office time. In that way he wrote his first novel, "As It Was Written."

—The news that Miss Braddon is to write no more is of interest to two generations of story readers. It is thirty-three years since her "Lady Audley's Secret" was published, and though she has written nearly half a hundred novels since then, it is by that romance that she is best known. Miss Braddon, who is Mrs. Maxwell in private life, is fifty-seven years old. She is one of the richest authors in England.

—Pinero is said to compose his plays with great rapidity. Like Sardou, he is slow in accumulating material, but when once the time for using it arrives he writes with remarkable speed, and within three or four weeks the drama is ready for the stage-manager. Pinero is of Portuguese origin, and he is about forty years old. His newest play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," promises to be the greatest of his successes.



AROUND "WINDY POINT," NEAR SUMMIT.



SUNRISE ON PIKE'S PEAK—"A SEA OF CLOUDS."



PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.



SIGNAL-SERVICE STATION, SUMMIT OF THE PEAK.

PIKE'S PEAK AND THE NEW GOLD EXCITEMENT—THE MOUNTAIN TO BE TUNNELED IN SEARCH OF ORE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



THE FIRST WASH PLACE DISCOVERY IN THE CŒUR D'ALENE.



REMOVING A RIVER OBSTRUCTION BY MEANS OF BAGS FILLED WITH GIANT POWDER.



"WAITING FOR THE WATER."

PLACER MINING IN IDAHO.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. N. BARNARD, WALLACE, IDAHO.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



PRINCESS VON BISMARCK.



IN THE STUDY.



READY FOR A WALK.



PROFESSOR SCHWENINGER.

A Modern Winter's Tale.

BY MARY R. MERTON.

ANDERSON presented himself rather early at the afternoon tea which Mrs. Hamilton was giving for a girl from Dubuque who was staying with her. It was not his custom to "get off" from business for such festivities, but his hostess was an old friend, and he yielded to the entreaty in the foot-note on her "at home" card: "Do come; the earlier the better. It will be your only chance to meet my Western friend, and I am so anxious for you to see her."

To this day Anderson cannot recall that girl's name or appearance, though he stood talking with her at least ten minutes after his arrival, while he scanned the rooms, as much as politeness permitted, for a glimpse of a certain Titian-red head, and, with the keen ear of a lover, listened for the tones of a low voice he knew.

A young man who carries himself with the ease and security which marks a social favorite is a prize not to be willingly relinquished at an afternoon function. The girl from Dubuque saw her opportunity and improved it. Besides, she was bright, and Anderson was just on the point of finding her interesting when something like a ray of sunshine seemed to slip to him through a rift in the ranks of arriving and departing guests. It came from a red-gold head; he knew the poise of it on her white throat so well; and, alas! he recognized also the pair of broad shoulders which interposed between him and another glimpse of her. She was there, then—out in the hall—and that infernal Westerland was hanging about her, as usual.

The rooms were full of people Anderson knew, and it was some time before he was free to saunter toward the window-seat where he had seen the lady of his dreams. Of course she was not there, but instead were a couple of the season's debutantes, who greeted him effusively. As he stood before them, exchanging small talk, Anderson said to himself that he was a fool. Last winter's misery was only repeating itself. Last winter, when, as now, he went everywhere, and allowed himself to be bored by all sorts of people that he might have his name on her dancing-card a couple of times (he never permitted himself more, unless the programme were a very long one), and considered himself doubly fortunate when fate was kind enough to allot him a ten-minute *tête-à-tête* with her in a hall corner. To be sure, he might at any time call upon her at her own home. They always made him very welcome, but a lot of other fellows were constantly hanging about her and her sister, and he was morbidly conscious at such times that her father was his employer, and used to go away raging against the fate that, according to his standards, opened a great gulf between her and himself three years ago, when his father, who for years had been accounted one of the city's most substantial capitalists, died suddenly, really driven to his death-bed by anxiety and disappointment over unfortunate investments, and the son, giving up his half-completed art studies in Paris, came home to comfort his mother and face practical business problems for the first time in his easy-going life. The president of a large manufacturing concern—a man who had been one of his father's heaviest creditors—impressed with the ability the young man exhibited in settling up the estate, tendered him the management of a department, and, nothing better offering, Anderson accepted the position. His employer was a man of few words, but his only references to the management, during this time, had been commendatory, and though Anderson could not see any prospect of his department becoming an important one, and though the giving up of his own and his father's cherished plans for his future had been a severe blow, yet he was more inclined, by temperament, to take account of his mercies than the knocks of ill-fortune, and he might have been fairly contented, but that, to the sum of his misfortunes was added, before he had been at home a year, the seemingly paradoxical item that the elder daughter of his employer had developed from a rather hoydenish, tall girl, who wore her hair in two undeniably red braids in the days when she was his occasional partner at dancing-school, into a goddess, as lovable, alas! as she was lovely, and wearing an aureole of red-gold always, in token, he devoutly believed, of her angelic qualities.

He flattered himself, however, that his secret was entirely his own. He was too far master of himself, and had too much regard for her, he told himself very stiffly, after passing an evening in her presence, to ask a girl delicately reared, as she had been, etc., even if it were possible that she—but then his thoughts would wander off in wild vistas of speculation, until he pulled himself together at his own door, and went in to sit by his open fire and ponder for a very miserable quarter of an hour.

It was all foolishness, and must be stopped, he said to himself that afternoon, the while he was weakly going in search of her, loitering about the parlors, ostensibly absorbed in the

chatter of this or that group, and making frequent trips to the refreshment tables for debutantes or matrons, bringing chocolate and wafers, with his customary air of devotion to their particular wishes, while in reality every sense was on the alert for some token of her presence. It was not until he was returning from his fifth excursion, with his hands full of empty cups, that he had an opportunity of speaking to her. Fortune favored him just then in a general breaking up of the groups scattered through the rooms, for the afternoon was waning, and society must betake itself to another tea, or to dress for a dinner or the opera, or there was a call to pay on the way home.

"I am going to take Miss Caldwell's place at one of the tables," she said, gayly, pulling off her gloves, as he met her at the dining-room threshold. "Did you just come in? You seem exhausted. Mayn't I pour you a cup of something or other?"

"Thank you," he responded, following her into the pretty room, with its green-and-white decorations, and soft, shaded lights. "I think about six would meet the present demands of my appetite, and I believe the laborer is worthy of his hire, is he not?"

He dropped, with a mock sigh of exhaustion (which covered one of real contentment) on the cushioned seat in the bow-window where her table stood.

"I saw you were busy," she said, inconsistently, and then flushed a little, and hoped he didn't notice it, and fell to arranging the dainty cups and other belongings of the rather disheveled table, explaining that Mrs. Hamilton begged her to relieve Miss Caldwell, who had a headache. And had he met Mrs. Hamilton's friend—what was her name? Such a pretty girl. And did he suppose the maid would ever bring that hot chocolate, or would he prefer Russian tea? And shouldn't she—being very much at home in the house—suggest a beefsteak for him, perhaps with onions?

No, she was very kind, but Anderson thought he hardly cared for anything so substantial. A cup of tea and a few wafers would be sufficiently refreshing, being served by her. And then a little silence fell on them, because of a note that rang in his voice very unexpectedly, and left him suddenly mute, anathematizing his unusual inability to turn the little compliment with conventional *savoir faire*.

She was nibbling salted almonds from a quaint little Japanese plate, and perhaps it was because she devoted her whole attention to them for the moment, having nothing else to do, that she exclaimed, holding up two half-nuts that formed a perfect whole:

"See! Here is a philopena. Don't you remember how we used to eat them when we were little?"

"It carries me back to the days of my childhood," he averred (relieved to find his voice under control again), "and the old oaken bucket, and 'the little window where the sun,' you know, and—er—"

"Wishbones," she suggested, conclusively. "They were the joy of my life."

"Wishbones," said he, gravely, "was the very word I needed. Don't you feel sufficiently juvenile to eat this philopena with me?"

He picked up half the nut with the sugar-tongs, and held it toward her.

"Oh, yes!" she cried, with the little laugh he loved to provoke from her, "let us renew our youth;" and so they ate it with due ceremony, recalling other incidents of their school-days, and laughing a great deal from pure light-heartedness.

"What is it to be," he asked, "yes or no? Let us make it 'give or take' and not cut off social pleasures altogether."

"That will be best," she decided, after a moment's reflection.

Then there was some talk about the forfeit, which ended with, "Here is your tea," extending the cup which she had been preparing under his observant eyes.

She held it out to him with demure cordiality, inquiring if he wished another lump of sugar in it; but he only bowed and waited until she, perforce, must set it down, before he took it.

"Oh, are you two here?" cried their hostess, at that moment, from the doorway; and then there was an end of the *tête-à-tête*, and shortly after he saw her to her carriage, though she refused his proffered hand, but stepped in unassisted, and nodded defiantly at him as she drove off.

He did not see her again for over a week, and though the recollection of the silly little joke between them lingered with him, giving him a curious sense of nearness to her, yet when, looking up from his paper one dark, chilly morning, he found her sitting nearly opposite him in the car, the unexpectedness of it drove everything but present happiness from his mind. Anderson could not remember ever having seen her in a street-car before.

A school-girl who entered just then was

promptly accommodated with a seat, and in a moment he was clinging to a strap before his divinity. How sweet she was, glancing up at him with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, as she confided to him that she had run for the car.

"I'm going down so early to change something I ordered for mamma. To-day is her birthday and we have a little celebration—a breakfast for her at ten. I selected such a lovely tortoise-shell comb for her, and late yesterday afternoon they sent the wrong one—not at all like that I ordered. So I ran off to see about exchanging it. I couldn't find my purse, so I put my car-fare in here" (drawing a black silk-mittened hand from her muff and exhibiting it to Anderson's admiring gaze).

"Aren't they pretty?" (producing its mate and regarding them herself with much satisfaction). "A dear old lady knit them for me at Christmas-time and I have not seemed to find occasion to wear them before."

Was it possible that they were down-town already? She waited on the platform while he raised his umbrella, for a heavy sleet was falling, and gratefully allowed him to draw her hand into his arm and assist her to the pavement. Just then their eyes met. Hers were dancing with a light which altogether puzzled Anderson, but she flushed strangely, too, while something white flashed from his side into her muff, as she cried:

"Ah, philopena! I told you I would win." "But—but," he stammered, "I haven't given—didn't take anything, except—" (a light dawning on him) "except that you gave me your hand."

It was an unfair advantage, but the temptation came suddenly upon him, and it was strong.

"If you declare the forfeit won I shall hold you to your side of the bargain," he insisted, reluctant to let her go, and struggling with his umbrella in the doorway in most unromantic fashion.

The color surged up to her fair temples, but she only repeated "Philopena," and disappeared into one of those great labyrinths of ribbons and fans and bric-à-brac and things, wherein no man, unaccustomed thereto, may walk and retain his reason.

He looked down in bewilderment, and found her black silk mitten clinging to the sleeve of his overcoat. At the same moment he became aware that he and his umbrella were sadly in the way of several ladies, who were watching his movements impatiently, and, with a sudden revulsion of the impulse that had moved him, he snatched the little token and thrust it, almost savagely, into his pocket, and keeping fast hold of it there, he marched off, taking his way to the office more from instinct than volition, and quite oblivious of the fact that the sleet was driving in his face, while his umbrella hung idly over his shoulder.

It served him right, he observed vigorously to himself. What a coxcomb she must think him, to jump at such a hypothesis on the strength of her clever little ruse.

It served him right that she had given him the mitten. Of course, the whole affair was a jest; yet all the morning, as he went about his business, he was uneasily assuring himself that his precipitation had in no wise altered their relations, berating himself for his audacity one moment, but the next thrilled with the recollection of her face as she vanished from sight. In his absorption he quite forgot that the president had requested him to be in the private office of the company at two, and the fact was only recalled to his mind by the appearance of the office boy, with the information that "de house" was awaiting him in the directors' room. Nothing could have been less to Anderson's taste, just then, than an interview with her father; but he pulled himself together as he went, expecting to receive some routine suggestions about business.

The president was a man of few words, but the young man felt a genuine kindness and liking in his tones, as he said, after they had exchanged good-mornings:

"Warren is going abroad the first of the month, for his health, and, as he is likely to stay indefinitely, he has resigned. We should like you to take his place, if you have no objection—eh?" The president smiled a little at his own joke, and offered Anderson a cigar. The young man took it, mechanically murmuring some words in which he strove to express appreciation of his good fortune. Why, Warren's salary, he knew, was double his own. And what was it the president was saying, in his clear, dry tones? Something about their satisfaction with his management and the prospects of an eventual partnership? The president paused, and, rising, extended his hand:

"I am glad, personally," he said, "to be the first to extend my congratulations to the secretary of the company. There is no one I know on whom I would rather depend in coming years. 'Old mea for counsel,' you know, and you young fellows for hustling. We gray-beards are getting too far along for that."

They shook hands, and the president was

about to turn to his desk again when something in Anderson's tones caused him to give him a second look.

"I don't know that this is an appropriate time, in accepting one favor to ask another," said the potential secretary, "but I—there is something, sir, which—which I—I ought to tell you. If it is in opposition to your wishes—if there is any reason, or you have other higher ideas for her—" He broke off helplessly, and the president's hand unconsciously sought the electric bell on his desk. Had Anderson's promotion completely turned his head?

"I have considered my relations to you first, sir, always," he continued, moistening his lips and speaking with an effort, the while standing very straight. "And I have no reason to suppose that she— In fact (desperately) I have been in love with your daughter ever since I came home, and—unless I have your permission to speak to her about it, and a man's chance of winning her love, I'd rather go away altogether. It cannot go on this way, if you please, sir, and until the matter is settled I cannot decide about the secretaryship."

For a moment—which seemed like ten to the sufferer at the end of the desk—the president sat still, looking at him intently. Then a little smile crept around his mouth as he said:

"I believe it is a rather antiquated custom which you have revived, that of formally proposing to a father for his daughter's hand; but I like it, young man. I am obliged to you, and so far as her mother and I are concerned you have nothing to fear. By the way, there are two of them, but, well—well, I see now—it's our big girl, I suppose?" Anderson nodded. He could not speak for a sudden tightness about his heart, and the tears stood in his eyes. How was the world changed since that morning! He wrung the president's hand, and, without a word rushed off to his own corner, and finding there a countryman who wanted prices and discounts on a large bill of goods, he turned him over to a clerk and betook himself to the streets, forgetting, in his exultation, that his victory was not yet won. He walked until he was tired, remembering, afterward, that he met and chatted with acquaintances with all appearances of sanity.

He would not lose a moment. He would know his fate at once. He would call upon her that evening. But no—he was down for a toast at the dinner to Tom Hathaway, who was going East to be married. To evade the engagement was clearly out of the question.

To-morrow evening, however, was the assembly dance; but that was nearly thirty-six hours distant. Besides, he owed her the forfeit. Why should he not call upon her on the way home to dinner and discharge his indebtedness? Perhaps—

Acting upon the idea, he turned his steps toward the shop of a popular confectioner, where he ordered a dainty white and gold box filled with creams, candied fruits, and chocolates, strewn with sugared rose leaves and violets; the whole wrapped in lace paper and tied with tissue ribbon, which fluttered in airy rosettes from diagonal corners.

Then, with the sensation of taking his life in his hand, he rang the bell of the president's house. Alas! she was not at home. Would he see the other ladies? They were receiving, the servant said. But Anderson declined, and went home to dress for the dinner in a very unsettled state of mind.

To-morrow evening—but what if something should prevent her coming? No, he could not bear the suspense; nor could he endure the idea that she might resent his unfortunate allusion of the morning—and then, the company must have their answer. He easily persuaded himself that he must speak to her at once; or, not being able to speak, he could send her a note. And on the moment of starting, with unsteady fingers and wondering, with his head in a whirl, if lovers' missives were often dispatched in so prosaic a way, he wrote:

"I pay the forfeit with all my heart, but I will keep your mitten, because it is yours, until I can return it in person. Do you know I love you? I thing you can hardly have been with me and not know it, though I have tried to keep the secret my own. It is because the hope, the desire, is always uppermost in my thoughts that it sprang to my lips this morning. Surely you will be at the assembly to-morrow evening. May I have the first dance—and as many more as you will give me?"

He placed the envelope in the box, retied it, and left it at her door on the way to the hotel where the banquet was held. Somehow or other he got through the evening, the night hours, and the next day. The president was busy with guests who were inspecting the works, and Anderson only had a glimpse of him, which was, in his state of mind, a relief. He was unconscious of nothing unusual happened, though in his cooler moments he could not decide what he expected to overturn the customary course of things. Yet he was scarcely surprised, on reaching home that evening, to find a small

parcel, left for him by a messenger during the afternoon. With a sinking heart he opened it, dreading he could not tell what. It contained a little black silk mitten, the mate of the one he carried in his breast pocket.

It was all over, then, he said to himself, dully, as he went slowly to his room. Over before it had happened, without a chance to tell her, to convince her of his devotion, without a man's chance to plead. Why had he been so impatient? If only he had waited to see her! Yet, how considerate of her; how like her, this gentle intimation that his beseeching would be useless. Probably it was Westerlind, or—oh, well! what use to speculate? The great, crushing fact which overshadowed even jealousy of another's good fortune was that she was not to be for him.

As he crumpled the little mass of silk in his hand something crackled, which proved to be her card, slipped within it, whereon she had written:

"I will reserve the first number for you, with pleasure."

He would not have believed that she, of all women, could be so heartless. He had abandoned the idea of going out that evening, and the assembly party was the last place in Christendom where he would have chosen to present himself; but here he was virtually bound to go, that she might witness her triumph, which perhaps she had been anticipating for weeks. Was it so sweet, even to such a girl as she—as he had imagined her to be—to win and reject the best that a man could offer? Very well; he would go; he would meet her on her own ground.

His nervousness made his toilet a more protracted affair than usual, and the strains of the promenade number were quivering on the air as he entered the ball-room and espied her in a distant corner, chaperoned by Mrs. Hamilton. She must be expecting him, for, as he made his way toward them, he saw Westerlind and two others go in search of partners after a moment's chat with her. Well, he might as well have it over with, he said to himself, as he took the hand which Mrs. Hamilton offered him, and which he fancied gave him a consolatory pressure. Could she know? As for her, she was in pale green, and carried some pink roses. He seemed unable to see her very distinctly, but, after the conventional greetings, he offered his arm, which she took in silence, and they joined the throng of gay promenaders. Once or twice he forced himself to make passing remarks, in flippant tones, which echoed in his ears as ghastly reminders of the barrier between them. He wondered, bitterly, if she enjoyed the situation, but somehow he felt certain she did not, though she was rapidly rallying to the occasion with a degree of spirit which surprised him. After a few interminable minutes of promenading, the music melted into the welcome notes of a waltz, which put an end to conversational efforts, and gave him time, as they drifted here and there over the perfect floor, not yet crowded, to resolve, with a sort of grim determination, that he would speak to her anyhow.

Surely all their pleasant acquaintance was not to be wrecked in this wretched manner. He could not and would not have it so. Summoning all his pride to re-enforce his fast waning resolution, he swung her toward an unoccupied chair in a corner, murmuring that she must be tired.

She acquiesced, passively, looking up at him with a sweet gravity new to her, and which Anderson would have felt was quite appropriate to the occasion, but that it seemed slightly tempered with amusement.

"I have a package at home which I shall do myself the honor to return to you to-morrow," said he formally, standing between her and the dancers, looking very pale. "I came to-night because I seemed to have an engagement with you, though I can scarcely understand why it was your pleasure to make it, after the hint you gave me. I have no right to ask you to listen to me if I am nothing to you and never can be—"

His throat was becoming very dry, and he had an indistinct idea that he was not expressing himself with that dignity and lucidity which he had intended.

"Believe me," he continued very stiffly, stung by this disconcerting suspicion, "I shall never presume to trouble you with the subject of my—my feelings, and, under the circumstances, I will not exact another dance from you, but leave the later numbers to some one more fortunate."

Which was not at all what he had intended to say, but as he seemed to have reached the conclusion of the whole matter there was nothing for it but to bow himself away.

But—could he believe his senses? Was it possible that, after listening with scarlet cheeks and downcast eyes, it was her voice he heard, rippling into a laugh!

"Oh!" he cried, bitterly, "leave me my ideal at least. How can you make it so hard for me,

when you know how much you are to me; when all my future—"

"Let us not lose all this lovely music," said she, coaxingly, springing to her feet. "There is some misunderstanding. I—perhaps I can explain."

They began to waltz again: he, at least, in a dazed and mechanical manner, while she was saying, quite incoherently, and so low that he had to listen very carefully:

"It was all in fun, you know, as it began. I sent the other mitten after I received your—the candy and your note, because I supposed that" (he had to lend his head very low to catch the last words)—"that two negatives make an affirmative. But you are so stupid!"

The rhythm of the waltz rose and fell as they circled down the room in silence, and all about them people went on dancing as if nothing had happened to turn the world upside down. And the youth whose name was on her card for the next number spent nearly its whole duration searching for a truant partner, who could not give any rational explanation of her oversight when he found her in the club-house library with Anderson.

The youth had long adored her from afar, and, being at a sensitive age, he was considerably cut up over the slight, and only forgave Anderson when he was invited to be an usher at the wedding, where his wounded feelings were healed by his sense of importance on that occasion, and he fell wildly in love with the maid-of-honor.

A Chicago Newspaper Building.

AMONG modern newspaper offices it would be difficult to find one better equipped, more sumptuously furnished, more conveniently arranged, or more worthily housed, than that of the *Chicago Times-Herald*. Certainly the West has not its equal. Here the old traditions of dirt and disorder, of sour paste, foul tobacco smoke, ink-begrimed devil, and the office cat are disowned for more progressive ideas of convenience, cleanliness, and light. When James W. Scott acquired a controlling influence in the *Herald* and the *Post* five years ago he set about providing the two papers with appropriate and thoroughly modern accommodations, and with this end in view he erected the present *Post* and *Herald* buildings, and equipped them with every improvement and facility known to the modern newspaper. The properties are located in the centre of the city, upon Washington Street, between Fifth Avenue and La Salle Street, near each other but not adjoining, and but half a block from the city hall, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Stock Exchange. Mr. James W. Scott, whose untimely death in New York so lately shocked the newspaper world, having recently purchased the *Chicago Times*—the paper made famous by such journalistic pioneers as Willbur F. Storey and Carter Harrison—and consolidated it with the *Herald*, a newspaper which had been brought from small and obscure beginnings to the front rank of American journalism, the new journal was given the name of the *Times-Herald*, and published under the editorial management of William H. Hawley, formerly editor of the *Times*.

The *Herald* building (to drop the inconvenient hyphen for the colloquial name) is Norman Renaissance in design, massive in construction yet graceful in outline, with a base of red Monticello granite, and a superstructure of terra-cotta of a deep, rich brown hue. Above the rough, heavy granite arches which constitute the facade to a height of twenty-three feet, is a recessed front of three massive windows, occupying the second, third, and fourth floors, and above their Norman arches is a row of six arched windows of the fifth story, above which rises the gabled attic. Upon a balcony in front of the gable stands a bronze figure, by Gellert, of a Medieval herald with tabard and trumpet, at the base of a flagstaff upon which are shown the national colors by day and a coronet of electric lamps by night. The building has a frontage of sixty-one feet, and runs back one hundred and eighty feet to Calhoun Place.

The interior arrangements are admirable throughout. The counting-room is sumptuous in decoration and complete in conveniences, and the editorial rooms, reached by elevators and marble stairways, are furnished with every accessory belonging to the fully-equipped modern newspaper office. There is an art department with a complete photographic and etching plant, and the composing and stereotyping departments, on the sixth floor, possess every appointment which money can supply. In the press-room in the basement there are eight big double Potter presses and two single presses, capable of delivering fifteen thousand sixteen-page folded papers per hour.

On the third floor of the building, near the elevator (305-307), are the new offices of the *Arnell Weekly Company*, proprietors of *LESLIE'S*

WEEKLY. Here Mr. H. Sleeper has charge of the business department, which consists of both subscription and advertising. In connection with the former a large force of agents is employed, canvassing Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and south as far as St. Louis, and meeting with great success in placing orders for the sumptuous art book, "Art and Artists of the World," the "Leslie War Book," and standard editions of "English Men of Letters," Cooper's novels, etc., in connection with *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Mr. John T. Bramhall, *LESLIE'S* Western representative, formerly of the staff of the department of Publicity and Promotion, of the Chicago World's Fair, here has his office as Chicago correspondent, and Mr. Harry Reuterdahl, lately of the art department of the *Chicago Graphic*, has a corner by the window, where he executes his spirited drawings of Chicago and Chicago life. Thus *LESLIE'S* Western headquarters is fittingly housed in the finest newspaper office in the West.

In establishing this Chicago connection the managers of the WEEKLY recognized the fact that the West, with its marvelous growth and abounding enterprise, must soon be, if it is not already, the great newspaper field of the continent, and that the journal which would keep abreast of events must identify itself with the forces, social, business, and political, which are becoming dominant in the national life. It is the purpose of the WEEKLY to give special attention to the illustrative treatment of subjects which, while primarily of interest in the vast Western region, are in a large sense of national import, and it is confident that its enterprise in this direction will be rewarded with popular appreciation.

Mr. James W. Scott, the founder of the *Chicago Herald*, was but forty-six years of age when he died suddenly, of apoplexy, while on a visit to this city, but he had impressed himself upon the journalism of the country more largely than any Western man of his time. He had been a resident of Chicago since 1875, and from the first manifested the spirit of aggressive enterprise which in more recent years made him conspicuous in business and public affairs and a real factor in the life of the Northwest. He was actively identified with various newspaper associations and social clubs, and foremost in everything that looked to the promotion of the interests of Chicago. His death occasioned genuine and widespread sorrow, all the newspapers and many public bodies paying heartfelt tributes to his memory.

Gold and the Pike's Peak Region.

THE renewed rumors that a foreign syndicate, backed by millions, contemplates pushing at once the stupendous tunnel schemes for gold, through Pike's Peak and its foot-hills, brings this grand old mountain once more into public notice, and makes some of its history worth repeating.

The remarkable success of the Cripple Creek gold fields has done much to promote this new project. Cripple Creek is, for its years, one of the greatest gold camps in the world, and it lies at the western base of Pike's Peak. It is argued that if such immense veins of ore are hidden in the foot-hills, much larger ones must be in the main range proper, and it is in this confidence that the huge tunnels are to be run into and ultimately through the grand old sentinel mountain in search of its hidden treasures.

It hardly seems possible that as late as November 15th, 1806, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike caught his first view of the peak, and ten days later reached the base, but never could reach its summit, which is 14,400 feet above the sea level. Following Pike in 1819 came Lieutenant Long; then the lapse of years until Fremont, the pathfinder, attempted the ascent in 1843, followed in 1847 by Ruxton. It is generally conceded that the first ascent of the peak was made by one of the forty-niners. Behold the change in our day—five direct routes lead to the signal-house on the peak, and a cog road, a wonder and monument of engineering skill, climbs its slopes!

In 1870 our government determined to establish a signal-station on the summit, to be the highest in the world, and this was accomplished. A trail through the Bear Creek Cañon enabled the packed burros to carry men and food in the prosecution of the daring enterprise. In 1874 the Cheyenne road was finished. Then followed the Ruxton trail.

Few persons stop to think that the crude stone house on the summit of the peak is the highest habitation on the North American continent. It is a point where water boils at 184° Fahrenheit, and the barometer stands at about seventeen inches. The view from the signal station is magnificent; to the south are the snow-clad ranges, the Sierra Blancas, and the Spanish peaks; to the north is the famous Long's Peak, three hundred miles away, and the Sangre de Cristo range and old Leadville;

while off to the east are the limitless plains. Four years ago the railroad was built to the summit. Its lower terminus is at the town of Cascade in the Ute Pass. This road has a length of eight and three-quarters miles only, with an ascent of 8,100 feet, or an average of 846 feet to the mile. Its maximum grade is twenty-five per cent., or one thousand three hundred and twenty to the mile. Its cost amounted to one million dollars, or about one hundred and fifteen dollars per mile.

The proposed first tunnel is to be close to the line of the cog railway, which will facilitate the handling of ore should any be discovered.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

Placer-mining in Idaho.

IN connection with the illustrations of Pike's Peak and the gold region thereabout, we give also three interesting pictures of placer-mining in Idaho. One of the pictures shows the method resorted to for the purpose of removing obstructions in the *Coeur d'Alene* River, in the town of Wallace. During the high water last spring it was found that a gravel bar was forming in this river, and it was realized that prompt and effective measures must be adopted to prevent the town from being flooded. Accordingly sacks were filled with old iron and small boulders, to which was added from fifteen to forty pounds of giant-powder. A fuse was then lighted, and gauged so that the powder would explode about the time it reached the bar, and the bag was then thrown into the water some distance above the obstruction. The result was that each explosion materially lowered the river, the boulders and gravel grinding their way through the obstacles and making a clear channel for the gathering flood.

Another illustration, entitled "Waiting for the Water," shows the sluice-boxes and riffles on an old wash placer ground, near Murray, Idaho. It is customary, where the water supply is limited, to store it in a reservoir until a sufficient head is accumulated, when the gates are opened and the water comes in such force and volume that it moves the dirt, gravel, and such rocks as are shown in the upper end of the sluice-boxes, out over the riffles to the dump below.

A third picture shows the first wash placer discovery in the *Coeur d'Alene*, about one mile from Murray, and at an altitude of five hundred feet above that town. On either side of the picture are seen the walls of rock which were doubtless the sides of the river channel. The two streams flowing over the bank at the top of the picture are what is commonly called the grand sluice.

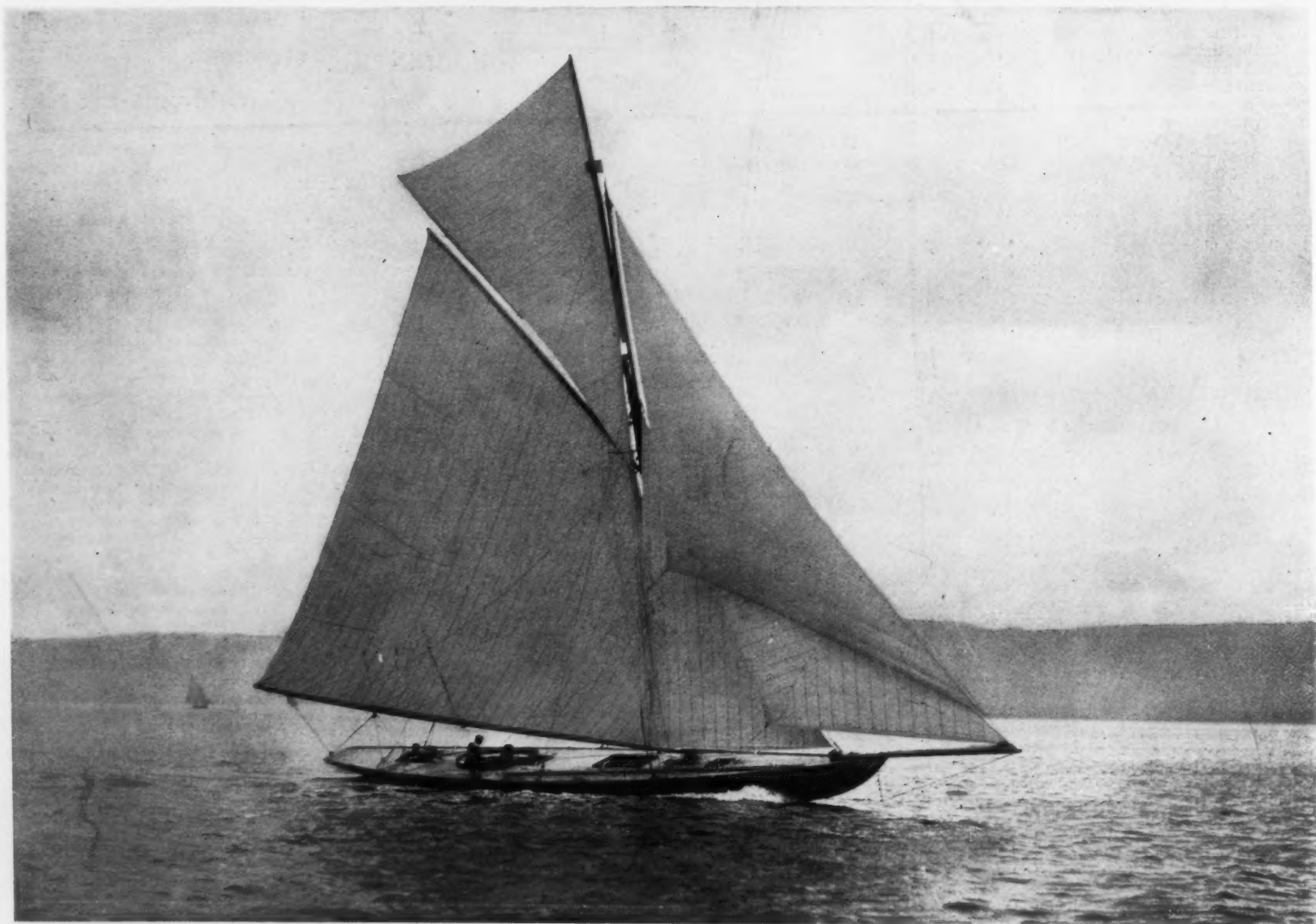
The Income-tax Law.

MR. CLINEDINST's picture, on the first page of this issue, illustrates vividly the scene at the internal revenue offices in this city during the last hours for filing income-tax returns, when crowds of belated tax-payers of all sorts and conditions flocked in with their statements. At one of these offices nearly ninety per cent. of the returns of incomes were filed between March 10th and 15th, when the number filed averaged one thousand daily. The heaviest business was done on the last day, when women as well as men appeared, manifesting the utmost eagerness to get in their returns and make the necessary acknowledgments. Comparatively few prominent people, however, appeared in person, most of them having done their business through attorneys before the expiration of the day of grace. The utmost good nature characterized the bustling crowds, and precedence was courteously given, in most cases, to the women. The revenue officials state that the returns of the latter were generally more accurately prepared than those of men of the same station in life.

The indications are, from the returns so far filed at the Treasury Department, that the amount of revenue to be derived under the law may not exceed ten million dollars. This is twenty million dollars below the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury. Further suits to test certain features of the law have been started in various directions, and in Chicago an order has been granted by the United States Court to restrain a large business firm from making any return to the internal revenue collector, the object being to compel the government to defend in court the operation of the act. A similar suit has been commenced in Baltimore by the largest mining corporation of Maryland. Meanwhile the government has petitioned the Supreme Court to reopen the whole case and hear arguments on the points on which the court was united in the last decision, as well as on the questions on which it was divided, in the hope that, with Justice Jackson on the bench, the court may change its negative decision as to the constitutionality of those parts of the law. It is obvious that the enforcement of the law will be a matter of serious difficulty, and it is possible that it may break down entirely under the assaults directed against it.



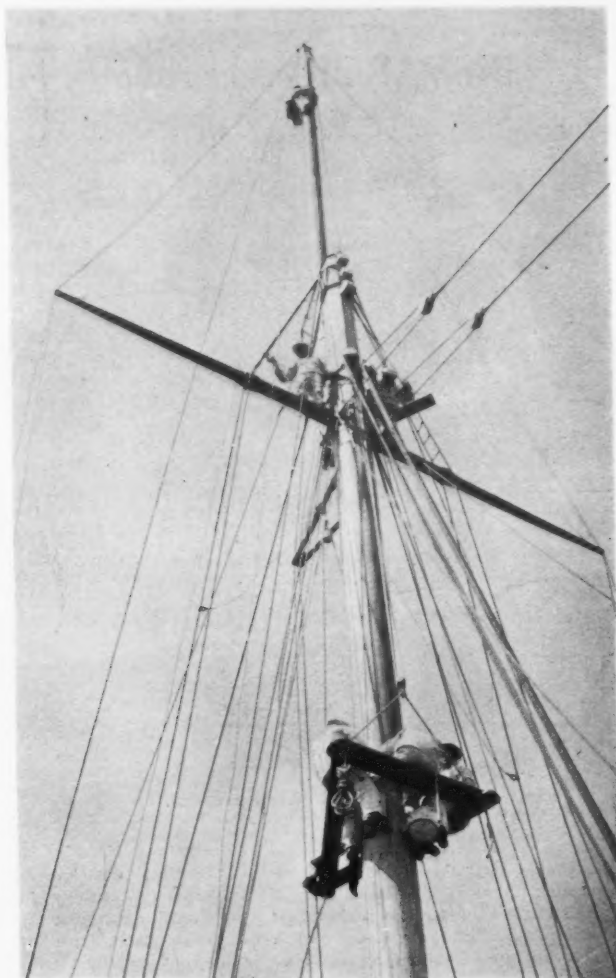
THE ENGLISH YACHT "AILSA," PROSPECTIVE CUP-CHALLENGER.—COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA.—[SEE PAGE 288.]



THE HERRESHOFF YACHT "DAKOTAH," WHICH SWEEPED ALL BEFORE HER IN THE SPRING RACES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAMSON, ROTHSAY.—[SEE PAGE 288.]



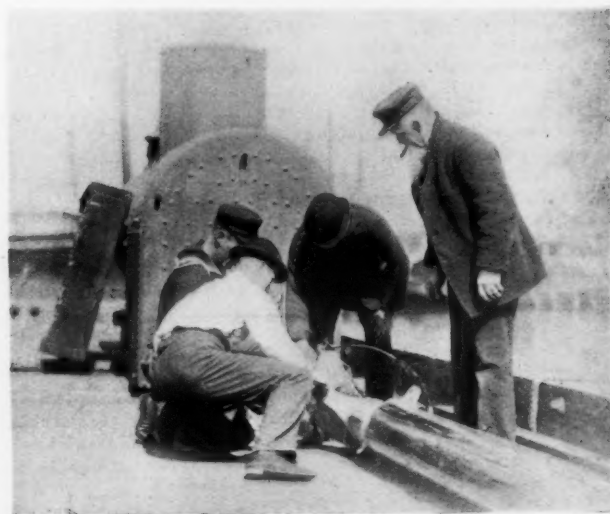
SCRAPING THE BOWSPRIT.



AT WORK ON THE TOPMAST.



HOISTING MEN TO SCRAPE THE MAST-HEAD.



FITTING THE GAFF IN WORKING ORDER.



THE CREW, CAPTAIN "HANK" HAFF, WITH CAPTAIN JAMES H. BERRY AS FIRST MATE.

THE ALL-AMERICAN CREW OF THE "DEFENDER"—PRELIMINARY PRACTICE ON THE YACHT "COLONIA."
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMENT.—[SEE PAGE 292.]

BISMARCK AT HOME.—III.

By GEORGE W. HINMAN, Ph.D.



BISMARCK AND ONE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

In his home Bismarck was the plain, domestic country squire. His married life was a love-story, beginning in the days when he sent his wife jessamine from St. Petersburg and heather from Bordeaux, and lasting till the hour when he plucked a white rose from the wreath on her coffin in Varzin.

In public life, Bismarck once said, he knew some thirty thousand persons, yet he was compelled to tread the wine-press alone. In his private life he numbered his acquaintances by the hundred, but his friends he could count on the fingers of his two hands. Outside the chancellery and Parliament, his whole devotion was given to his wife and his children. The words he has spoken and written of the women of his family are as strong and heartfelt as his confessions of faith in God and the Christian religion. He always preserved the tenderness and delicacy of the young lover. In his letters to his wife she was "his heart" and "his beloved heart." When separated from her he would sit down at his desk after the labor of hours to give her a good-night greeting, accompanied with a flower or a leaf that he had saved for her from his morning walk. In the heat of a political mission he could write:

"Good-night now from afar. Where have I heard the song that has been in my mind the whole day:

"Over the blue mountain,
Over the white sea foam,
Come, thou beloved one,
Come to thy lonely home."

He had been married sixteen years when he reminded her that it was the anniversary of the day "when she brought sunshine into his life." "This is my birthday," he wrote from St. Petersburg; "the first in twelve years without Johanna"; and from the battle-field of Bohemia: "Dost thou remember, my heart, how just nineteen years ago we rode through this country on our way from Prague to Vienna?" It was the same picture with the touch of age added when he said, in the circle of his little court in Friedrichsruhe: "Ah, you have no idea what this woman has done for me"; or when he told his friends how she cut his eyebrows, tied his cravat, and brushed his scanty hair.

His was faithfulness under temptation. Among the great men of his day gallantry was as fashionable as falsehood. Gortchakoff, Skobelev, Gambetta, and old Count Thun, with the whole Austrian school of diplomatists, were as proud of their good fortune with women as of their achievements in public life. He knew Eugenie as Mademoiselle de Montijo and as Empress of the French. He found her the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance, but otherwise remained invulnerable to her charms, criticising coldly her political intrigues and condemning her influence upon Napoleon. In this respect he showed the indifference and sagacity of a man in love with his wife—qualities which neither his royal master nor his Majesty's ambassador, Von der Goltz, was wise enough to imitate in his relations to Eugenie. All the women of the diplomatic and official world left him equally cold, to the end of his career, save when they endeavored to interfere with his plans; then neither the old Empress nor the most fascinating beauty of the court was spared, but was rapped over the knuckles and admonished sharply to keep her hands off. Bismarck was the same in Frankfurt, where

diplomacy was recognized as a woman's diversion; in Paris, where politics and love-making went hand in hand; and in Berlin, where the temptations, although fewer, were more persistent than abroad. Only one effort was made to involve him in a scandal and blacken his family life. One day, in an Austrian summer resort, he met Pauline Lucca in the street during a half-hour pause between dispatches, and allowed a photographer to make a picture of them; thus, as Lucca said, showing the world the greatest living statesman and greatest living singer together. The picture has been used periodically ever since by Bismarck's enemies to bolster up suggestions of a scandal, but without success. The story is off the same piece as the French accusation that he stole Madame Jesse's spoons in Versailles, and it has been dismissed as equally worthless by all save the Frenchmen. Nevertheless, Bismarck never again had his picture taken with a woman. He received a reproof from his old pastor which he answered in all frankness and penitence, and both letters have been published. What passed between him and his wife on the subject has not been published, and is not likely to become known, even through the famous Bismarck memoirs which are to be given to the world fifty years hence.

Bismarck in house-coat and slippers is a peculiarly German character, with a grim sense of humor and a conscientious eye for domestic details. Here is a picture of the iron man, painted by him in a letter to his sister from Schoenhausen, when the present Count Herbert and Countess Rantzau were babies, and the whole family was about to take them to the seaside:

"Johanna is resting in the arms of Lieutenant Morpheus. She has written you what I have to look forward to. I sit here as the dotting father, among wet clothes and milk-bottles, with young Herbert bawling in a major key and the two nurse-girls singing in a minor. I held out as long as possible against the worst, but all the mothers and aunts agreed that only salt air and salt water could help poor little Marie. I saw that if I still persisted I should be obliged to hear complaints of my avarice and parental barbarity every time the child should catch a cold, even in her tenth year, and to listen to the reproach: 'Now you see! Dear me, if the poor child had only been taken to the seashore when she was a baby!'"

In his work of creating and solidifying the German Empire Bismarck found but few pauses in which he could rest with his family, and even these were disturbed by almost daily menaces of assassination. When the menaces grew unusually numerous, and he was besought by his sister and his wife to be more cautious, he was wont to reply: "I have enough to do; God alone can look after these things." His trust in God as the guardian of his family was as implicit as Moltke's confidence in the God of battles. After he felt the full burden of the new empire settle on his shoulders, Bismarck was always dreaming of the day when he would shake himself free of his official duties and be the plain country gentleman again. In the fullness of his power he wrote:

"I am old and sick, yet I cannot think of being my own master and going away to cultivate my acres and grow my crops. I cannot express the desire I feel to get out of this confusing monotony for a couple of days. I would like to see nobody for a whole year except my wife, children, and grandchildren." His eagerness for a few final years of undisturbed home life was gratified, but not as he had hoped, for he was turned out of office against his will and took with him to Friedrichsruhe a heart full of bitterness. It was significant that the last conflict of his stormy career took place on the line between his home and his public office. He had received a party leader in his house and had carried on political negotiations with him. The young Emperor came to him in anger and

forbade his receiving conspicuous politicians in future without first notifying the crown.

"I do not subject my intercourse with Deputies to anybody's supervision," was Bismarck's answer, "and I allow no man the command over my threshold."

"Not even when I, your sovereign, give the command?"

"Your Majesty's commands end at the threshold of my wife's drawing-room."

For five years Bismarck has held his little court in Friedrichsruhe. He has been free to live the life of the German squire. He has had at last the coveted leisure to wander among his firs and oaks, to seek the rolling, wooded landscapes for which he longed so often when in the Wilhelm Strasse, to improve his acres and watch his crops. At the castle in the Saxon forest he has gathered, year after year, to every family festival his sons and his daughter and their sons and daughters, yet it all came too late to content him. He has been as cordial and loving in his family as ever. He mourned with all the grief of an honest Christian heart at his wife's tomb. He has watched with pride the careers of Count Herbert and Count William, and has kept open the grandfather's heart to the little counts of Rantzau. At the same time he has never ceased to be the exile of the Saxon forest, the ruin, as he has said—the old chest of fireworks from which comes but occasionally the light of an exploding rocket. Since he bowed over his wife's coffin in Varzin his words have shown that he feels the loneliness of a man who has outworked and outlived his generation. Those with whom he reckoned and planned, with whom he closed his alliances and celebrated his victories, are now merely names in the history of a great period. Gortchakoff, Andrassy, Gambetta, Thiers, Mensdorff, Beust, Alexander II., Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon, and the old Emperor have gone, and most of them have been followed by their successors into the grave. Roon, Windthorst, Lasker, Moltke, the friends and the enemies of his manhood, have fallen away with the past generation, and have left this one giant veteran standing alone, like a pine on a rock.

He has sought distraction in the miscellaneous company which he has gathered round him

since his fall. For many months he had with him Lothar Bucher, the reformed revolutionist and "the pocket Bismarck," who had worked faithfully for twenty-six years by his side in office, and had followed him into his exile. But Bucher had completed his three-score and ten before he left the Wilhelm Strasse, and in the fall of 1892 his place at Bismarck's table was left vacant, and his work was given into the hands of Count Herbert and Dr. Chrysander, the Prince's private secretary. Now Bucher is gone, the most remarkable person in the Friedrichsruhe household is Dr. Schweninger. This man's presence is a monument to the old chancellor's gratitude. He cured Bismarck of obesity years ago, and was rewarded with an appointment to a professorship in Berlin. His reputation was so unsavory that public opinion in Berlin rebelled against the appointment. The minister of public worship was obliged to admit that Schweninger had been convicted in a court of record of a disgraceful offense. Many Berlin professors closed their doors to their new colleague. A glance at Schweninger's face reveals the man, yet Bismarck has clung to him with defiant tenacity. Schweninger has repaid this friendship loyally. He has made it his life-work to preserve the old chancellor's health. He is more Bismarckian than the Prince himself, and he loathes the young man with a crown who expelled his patron from office, as no other person except the Princess has loathed him. He and the Princess opposed to the last the reconciliation between Potsdam and Friedrichsruhe.

In his Friedrichsruhe home Bismarck still holds many of the wires that move the political world. He has his official newspapers, the *Hamburg News* and the *Munich General Gazette*, and his semi-official ones, the *Latest News* in Berlin and the *News* in Leipzig. His policy is represented in Parliament by Count Mirbach, Baron Stumm, and Count Herbert Bismarck. There is in the Reichstag as of old a Bismarck party *sans phrase*. Yet, while in Germany's political world he is not of it, for the burden of the day has been fitted to other shoulders, and he must sit at home, nursing the sad thoughts of the statesman who has been banished to his own house.

The Awakening.

With a joyous rustle and shiver,
"I wake!" cried the reed in the river;
"I am thrall to the dark no more,
I can sing to the shore,
And can fling my vernal mirth
O'er the fields of earth!"

With a buoyant tremor and thrill,
"I wake!" cried the grass on the hill;
"I am free from the icy hold
Of the vandal cold;
I can urge my jubilant stave
As I surge and wave!"

With a little gurgle of glee,
"I wake!" cried the bud on the tree;
"From the gloom of the bitter night
I leap to the light;
And to grief there's an end and wrong
In my leaf—and song!"

With a strange, sweet, passionate start,
"I wake!" cried Love in the heart;
"And unfold my immortal flower
For a deathless dower;
With its breath into life I bring
An eternal spring!" CLINTON SCOLLARD.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

"Ailsa" and Peerless "Dakotah."

THE snap-shot of *Ailsa* (on page 283), designed and built by Fife of Fairlie, for A. B. Walker, was secured as the big eighty-nine-footer was about finishing a winner in the race sailed against *Britannia* off Cannes, on March 7th. She was built with the idea of "trying out" *Valkyrie III.*, and making more certain that the Cup-challenger this year shall be the very best product of English yacht architecture. In her races with *Britannia* in Mediterranean waters she showed at first that she was a flyer in light airs, promised well in breezes, but gave unmistakable evidences of not being, in proportion to her greater rating than *Britannia*, a stiffer boat in a brisk to high wind, accompanied by a lifting sea.

It is believed, however, by the yacht sharps who saw her performances that with another month of "tuning up," together with some small changes in the matter of detail and perhaps the cutting down of her sail-spread, she will prove a most dangerous rival to *Valkyrie III.* It is a question if *Ailsa* can be beaten in an eight to ten-knot sailing wind, but on the assumption that *Valkyrie III.*, like other Watson boats, will prove a stiff one and a sailer in a breeze, it is thought *Ailsa* will be beaten, and beaten handily. Still, as a trial boat she will prove most valuable, and of course in the event of *Valkyrie III.* turning out away below expectations, *Ailsa* will become the final challenger, the America's Cup committee having made this concession to Lord Dunraven.

In this respect the Englishmen have a great advantage this year, from the fact that but one boat is building to defend the cup. It follows further that if the new boat turn out badly then the cup is surely lost, inasmuch as *Vigilant*, who would then be called upon to sail the

races, would stand little or no chance, barring accidents or flukes, of winning against her more powerful rival. As is well known, the advantage in a yacht-race is always on the side of the more powerful boat or the boat which grants time allowance to her smaller and weaker rival.

The Herreshoffs, however, have yet to turn out a failure. What is more, it is the general belief that this year as no other, feeling that the Englishmen are going to send a flyer to this country, Captain Nat, as designer of the famous firm, has put in his very best efforts this time, and the final result, as embodied in *Defender*, will show the speediest sailing craft in the world—a boat which will cut circles about tried and true *Vigilant*, and lead *Valkyrie III.*, probably, to the finish line.

The windward picture of *Dakotah*, the creation of Herreshoff, and as sailed by her English owner, the peer in her class of all England, portrays to the mind all that is most exciting and full of true sport in yacht-racing. Like the little half-raters, she can be managed easily and a paid crew is unnecessary. In comparison with the fun to be had on a "big un," say *Ailsa*, with a crew of fifty or more about you, a captain, a mate, and a dozen amateurs who know it all, the sport becomes the very acme of yacht-racing.

During the spring races in the Mediterranean the *Dakotah* swept all before her, just as she did last year in England, winning in cash some three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, besides numbers of medals, works of art, and other valuable prizes. The probability is that *Dakotah* has paid for herself several times over already, and with only a fair share of luck in the future she should net enough money prizes

to leave a balance on the credit side of the ledger each year. This emphasizes the beauty of the English and French systems of offering money prizes. The system certainly stimulates men of moderate means to build, and this means a boom in the trade. The small boats are making rapidly to the fore in the hearts of American yachtsmen even now, but their increase will be much more rapid and widespread when the English money-prize system is adopted, which it surely will be if our yacht clubs keep on adopting English ideas pertaining to yachting in all its departments.

DUTIES OF THE ROWING COACH.

The one indispensable adjunct of a university crew is a coach. A poorly-coached crew, other conditions being equal, is a sure loser. A crew well coached but poorly coxswained may lose, still it is more often the coach than the coxswain who must answer for defeat, even though it is generally agreed that the boys who hold the tiller ropes manage as a rule to steer as crooked a course as possible. The consistency in this, however, of both coxswains, tends to even up matters, and the question resolves itself to one of crews and their training.

Inasmuch as the coach is such an important factor, his manifold duties afford an interesting study. In a nutshell, his duties may be summed up as making the most of the men in his charge, which implies not alone a mastery of the stroke, but physical condition, arrangement of men, and a correct diagnosis of their temperament and capacity for work.

Thus it is the able coach who approximates to a nicely the golden mean of the amount of work best calculated to keeping the men in shape and working together, and at their best. As the crew consists of eight individuals, where one man may require an unusual amount of work daily to keep in form, another is only able to do his best by a careful nursing of strength even to the extent of laying off a day or two each week. While a third might require an hour's work each day to keep at his best, the fourth is able to contribute his best efforts by more than ordinarily light practice pulls daily. Hence there is a mean to be worked out, and unless the mean be a close approximation, the crew cannot make the race of their lives. There will be a weakness somewhere, and that weakness may be the one cause of defeat.

At times it is most difficult to determine the rate of stroke which is best adapted to the abilities of the crew, and here again the coach steps in to mend matters. Where one crew could row the course of four miles at an average clip of thirty-eight, another could possibly make the same time at thirty-six. Yet the former crew might not be able to do half as well by rowing thirty-six, whereas the latter, by rowing thirty-eight, would go all to pieces. In other words, every crew has a rate of stroke which suits them best—at which they can make the most possible of a race.

A certain crew which I have in mind were hummers at thirty-four, at which stroke they could go it for a dozen miles. At thirty-five to thirty-six they became a half-minute slower, and at thirty-eight to forty they became like unto a canal-boat. Now the probability is that in the case of the thirty-six crew all they needed was rearranging, whereby the higher stroke could have been maintained with profit.

Once the material for a crew is at hand, the coach is essential in settling the placing of the men. This matter is so important, and withal so difficult, that probably two out of three crews which annually journey to New London are not properly made up, even on the day of the race. Sometimes this becomes apparent to the coach at the eleventh hour, but then no change can be made advisedly, inasmuch as the crew is going more than passing well, and a shuffle would prove, at the least, a risky undertaking. Stroke and number seven are first fixed, sometimes with no end of trouble, after which the heavy weights must be taken in hand. And right here the chief difficulty arises. The question is, first, can this big man do the boat more good than this smaller but more skillful oar? secondly, the placing of the lucky man in the right seat. Where the big fellow usually fails is for the most part in the beginning of the stroke, where the last infirmity shows itself in an inability to raise the hands over the stretcher with sufficient sharpness to get a firm grip of the water and in making a clean recover.

It is admitted by many coaches of prominence that a good big man is better or more useful in propelling the boat than a good little man. In England the odds are usually in favor of the heavier crew, and I believe it is a matter of record that the heavier crew has won the Cambridge-Oxford race some thirty-six times out of a possible fifty odd.

Generally speaking, in giving a big man a place in the boat, "form" to a certain extent is sacrificed. If the big man is good, however, the sacrifice is deemed advisable. Yet there is a limit to this substitution of strength, but just when the homogeneity of the crew is threatened

is for the coach to decide. The question might well test the most experienced of coaches. Ralph Paine, Yale '90, was an example of a big man displaced by a little fellow not half as strong, but a finished oar. The conclusion of Cock and other Yale coaches was that the substitute's form would do no harm and possibly much good to the boat, whereas Paine, with all his strength, might do more harm than good—in other words, become to a certain extent a "passenger."

But these are but a few of the almost countless duties of the coach. Of course upon him rests the responsibility of teaching the crew the correct stroke and to get them to row it in form. He must judge of a man's endurance and his heart for sticking to a killing pace. He must see to the rigging of the shell—that the oars and stretchers are all right, that each seat has the proper length of slide, and so on and so on. But in rigging a crew nicely and well the very top notch of the science of successful coaching is reached. In fact, old Yale oars claim to-day that their victories over Harvard are not due anywhere near as much to the stroke as to the superior rigging of shell and crew.

W. T. Bull.

On the French Use of Some English Words.

PARIS newspapers, as a rule, take comparatively little notice of the outside world, or even of the stranger within their gates. But when Lord Terence Blackwood, the son of Lord Dufferin, married Miss Davis, of New York, the diplomatic position of Lord Dufferin made reporting necessary. In reading the account in a leading Paris paper, I was surprised to learn that the choir sang, "O, have faith in the low d'elwey." It takes some seconds for an intelligent and church-bred English reader to decipher from this, "O, have faith in the Lord alway," and I fancy the French who tried must have impatiently snapped shut their dictionaries. These who did understand probably thought "the Lord" referred to Lord Terence.

I do not doubt that the French make as good work quoting us as we do them, with their

exquisite tip-of-the-tongue words, but the new phase is that they quote us at all. Walter Scott tells us how our Saxon forefathers were obliged to learn the French names for the goodies they served to the Normans. We have been continuing this and adopting their words steadily down to our own day, when it springs not from necessity but affectation. Good sense has not yet downed the people who consider it elegant to sprinkle their talk with "de trop," "comme il faut," and we all put "P. P. C." on our cards and "R. S. V. P." on our invitations. But the average Frenchman is so content with his country and its methods that he is famous for staying at home and taking care of both. He has not ceased to consider the English as less civilized than himself, and, moreover, is temperamentally antagonistic to the race that burned his Jeanne d'Arc. So that it seems strange to see him now turning with the least deference toward the English manners or language.

Super-refined and nervous, he is now beginning to delight in that same Saxon vigor which used to repel him. He has long since adopted the English "rosbif," and "lifteck," and "plum pudding," and "sandwiches"; he is now adopting English games. Our word sport is becoming naturalized there. A paper called *Paris Sport* is devoted to reporting athletics. Thus one reads in his Paris morning paper about "le match," "le record" and "le recordman," "le yachting," and "le bookmaker" at the races. In reading of the horse show, one will come upon the expression, "le gentleman rider," and will realize that the English country gentleman, with his devotion to riding, has become to the French an object of the sincerest praise—imitation. For velocipedit they use an amusing hybrid word, "le veloceman."

Even the French *jeune fille* is becoming athletic and independent, like her English sister. "On m'apporte mon coaching-cape," one of them said the other day, "et nous filons au polo." And her fashionable mother has taken to drinking tea, which she pours for her friends at "le five o'clock," pronounced "le fiff o'clock."

While a Frenchman in search of recreation will take his family to a restaurant or a *café* concert, the Englishman will go alone to his club. For the club is the great English institution prevailing among all classes. The French have noted this, and we now often hear them use a verb "clubber," meaning to join in a social

gayety. In like manner they have taken the word "speeches," and talk about "les toasts" after dinner, and tell how a man is "black-boulé," meaning, of course, black-balled. The word meeting is almost universally used by them, although hardly recognizable with the French twist to its pronunciation.

The United States has added its special quota of adopted words. For instance, they speak of "le sleeping-car," and of going "sans snow-boots." The crowds who join the police in chasing the bomb-throwers invariably cry "lynchez-le, lynchez-le." I am sure the expression "le struggle for life," which they are so fond of using, bears the American stamp. But they are never quite so pleased as when they bring out with great gusto, "Times is money." They refer to us humorously as "L'oncle Sam," their usual attitude toward us, for though they are amiably inclined, they do not as yet take us seriously.

Often their reason for adopting English words is that the sound amuses them, sending them into gales of laughter; as, for instance, the word picnic, which they spell "pique-nique," thereby adding a new charm, a kind of French style, to its uncouthness. "C'est très shocking," they laughingly say, in derision of their English-speaking visitors, who must so often use that word in Paris. "High life" is a favorite expression of theirs, but they pronounce it to rhyme with fig-leaf.

Often they quote us where there are equivalent French words, simply because it sounds piquant, as when the students in the Latin Quarter call their sweethearts "darling." Or in this sentence which I saw in a story, "*En Angleterre il y a beaucoup de little children dans les nursery.*" I see they are beginning to prefer our word gentleman almost to their own, but use it not so much in its original fine meaning, but rather to indicate a showily-dressed man. It seems strange that they should not adopt our word home, but they sometimes make a wild dash at originality and speak of "les homesicks."

It seems like an indication of provincialism that with English-speaking people so accessible these quotations should so often be incorrect. The spelling is almost never right. I have seen music spelled "miousic," and stout and whisky rendered "stout en witsky." They form the plurals, too, in their own way, and say "Ices cream" and "leaders writers." In reporting the strike they dubbed Debs Dibbs, and talked about the "Pan Hantle" road and "*cing ans de hart labor.*"

A very eloquent funeral notice of Gounod in a leading French paper ended as follows, being translated: "I cannot better conclude than in the words which Byron addressed to the memory of another great Frenchman:

"Posterity will ne'er survey

A bluer grave than this."

This suggests "Childe Harold," but what Byron enthusiast will lay claim to it?

CARO LLOYD.

In Fashion's Glass.

THE illustration given herewith shows a stylish spring cape from Paris. It is made of handsome black satin, entirely covered with black mousseline de soie, gathered on in festoons. Straps of satin ribbon alternate with loops of the same ornamented with jet spangle work.

The neck is finished with a fluted collar lined with white satin and overlaid with point de Venise, while at the front is a cravat bow of rare old lace. The hat of Tuscan straw is surmounted with a *panache* of handsome black ostrich plumes.

The "butterfly toque" is a quaint and becoming fashion, and contributes a charming theatre hat—that is, if the "wings" are not too expansive. A lovely example is in Mechlin lace, with bows of amethyst glacé ribbon and a *tiquet* of tea-roses. A small fan of lace falls on the hair at the back, fastened with a paste brooch.

A charming picture hat just over from Paris is made of black satin, with a full La France rose under the brim. Five handsome ostrich tips are arranged upon the crown to droop over the brim in a graceful manner, one of which curls over the hair at the back. ELLA STARR.



A PARIS SPRING CAPE.



EXTERIOR OF THE HERALD BUILDING.



THE LATE JAMES W. SCOTT.



OFFICE OF THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



THE PRESS-ROOM.

CHICAGO NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE—THE BUILDING OF THE "TIMES-HERALD."—[SEE PAGE 285.]



THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ARCH, NORTH WASHINGTON SQUARE AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, FORMALLY DEDICATED APRIL 30TH.



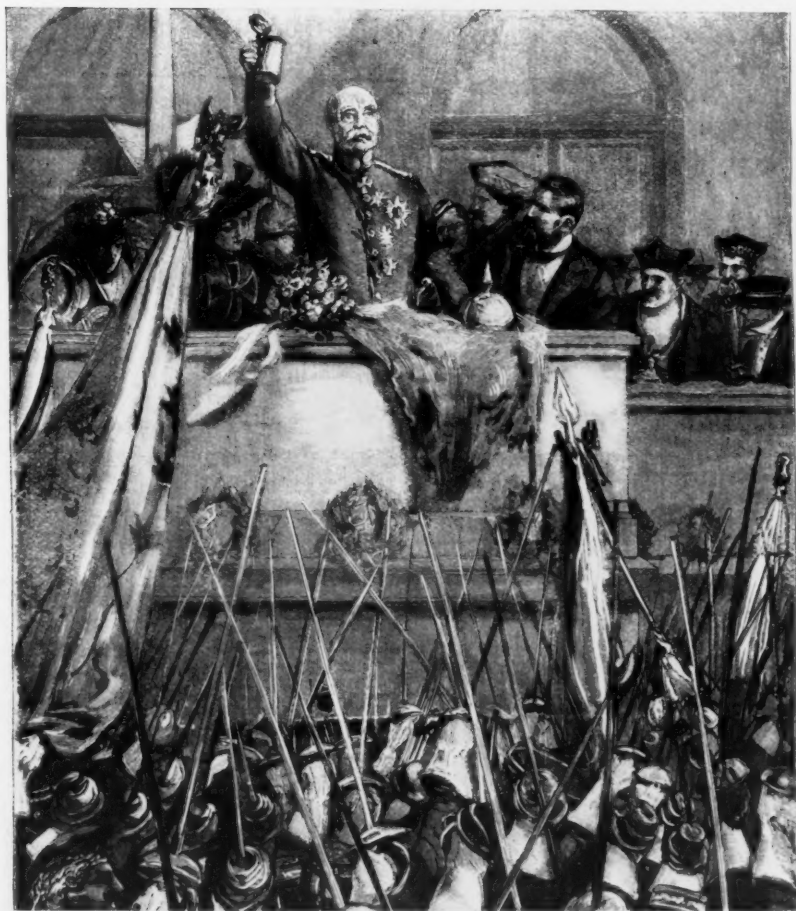
JAPANESE BOYS IN TOKIO JEERING AT CHINESE RESIDENTS.—*London Graphic.*



JAPANESE SOLDIERS DETRAINING CAVALRY HORSES AT HIROSHIMA.—*London Graphic.*



CHINESE SOLDIERS PRACTICING AT TARGETS AT SHAN-HAI-KWAN.—*London Graphic.*



GERMAN STUDENTS DRINKING THE HEALTH OF BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.—*London Graphic.*



HOLY THURSDAY AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM—KISSING THE COLUMN AT WHICH CHRIST WAS FLAGELLATED.—*Illustrated London News.*

Britton H. Tabor.

A METROPOLITAN lawyer of renown, Mr. Tabor has the additional distinction of being the author of "Skepticism Assailed,"* one of the most remarkable books of the decade. Born in 1849, on a large plantation near Oxford, in the State of Mississippi, he passed his boyhood and early manhood in the pursuits and pleasures incident to the lives of the sons of well-to-do planters of that time and section. After the prescribed course of study he was graduated with honors from the Law University of Georgia in 1871, and upon being admitted to the Bar of his native State, successfully practiced his profession in the counties of Yalabusha and Lafayette for the following ten years. Seeking a wider field for his then recog-

Skepticism Assailed.

"SKEPTICISM ASSAILED," from the pen of Britton H. Tabor, of the New York Bar, recently published in this city, is a work of such vast interest to the thinking public that we elsewhere in this issue present a portrait of the author, with a brief sketch of his well-employed and eventful life. In review of his work we commend to the world "Skepticism Assailed," which, although profound, is penned in the simplest language, and conveys to the mind of the reader an array of unassailable argument that is overwhelmingly convincing and conclusive. It is not the work of a theologian, but of a lawyer, applying the laws of evidence to the claim of the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures—a logical defense of those vital principles which are the basis of the Christian religion. It is a comprehensive presentation of facts well calculated to set at rest every doubt in the mind of the critical



BRITTON H. TABOR.

nized ability, he was induced to remove the seat of his labors to Fort Smith, Arkansas. Here he immediately took front rank, not so much as a mere practitioner as a gifted exponent of the fundamental principles of jurisprudence as applied to the rational intercourse and government of mankind. Endowed by nature with abilities that pre-eminently fitted him for his chosen profession, he rose rapidly. Quick to weigh men and evidence, painstaking, conscientious, and gifted with a wonderfully retentive memory, he brought to the practice of the law not only an over-mastering ambition to excel in his profession, but also a determination that his acts should always be in accord with the higher principles of life. At Fort Smith, as wherever else he has made his home, Mr. Tabor has been prominent in works which have made his reputation as wide as the continent. There he was instrumental in establishing the American National Bank, and became its first president, as well as the foremost lawyer in that section of the country. Impelled at this time, however, by a desire to conclusively ascertain the truth of the supernatural, as revealed in the Scriptures, Mr. Tabor relinquished for a time his professional duties, and in the seclusion of a quiet cottage home near Nashville, Tennessee, devoted nine months to a critical and exhaustive study of the momentous questions he has so ably elucidated in his "Skepticism Assailed."

In November, 1892, Mr. Tabor removed to New York, where his reputation had preceded him. His success in the metropolis has been commensurate with his great natural ability and the esteem in which he is universally held.

J. R.

* Elsewhere reviewed.

reader: to clear the theological atmosphere and bring honest discussion within the limitations of reason.

Untrammelled by prejudice or environment, he has, in this remarkable book, with legal acumen, ignored the dogmas and doctrines of contemporary creeds, and addressed himself to the cold facts involved. The author dispassionately sifts these facts and, in his crusade, attacks infidelity to such purpose as to indubitably establish the inspiration of the Bible as a divine record. It is a perfect vindication of the faith that for nearly two thousand years has given to the world its noblest impulses and its best and highest life. Incidentally Mr. Tabor brings out some new and rather startling theories regarding Biblical characters. Judas, for example, is presented as a man of great ability who had absolute confidence in the Saviour, but whose downfall is to be attributed to the fact that his ambition led him to look forward to Christ's establishing an earthly instead of a heavenly kingdom. To use the language of the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., who writes an able preface to this remarkable book, it will "prove a revelation to very many who have been exceedingly anxious lest the foundations of their faith should be undermined, and who will be surprised at the unassailable basis of reason for their most cherished faith in Christ." The book is beautifully printed on heavy-calendered paper, contains four hundred pages, quarto size, and some fifty illustrations.

S. S. WOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

J. R.

The Cup-Defender.

THE fact is announced that Captain Norman W. Terry will be associated with Captain "Hank" Haff in all the trials and races of the new *Defender*, and that Captain James H. Berry has consented to act as mate of the craft, which is expected to be the New York Yacht Club's champion in defense of the America's

Cup. Captain Haff has already secured his all-American crew, and is hard at work overhauling and refitting the *Colonia*, their trial boat. The crew is regarded as one of the best ever gathered. The nautical trio of whom so much is expected are all men of extended experience in the sailing and management of racing yachts. Skipper Terry was of great assistance to Captain Haff during the *Volunteer-Thistle* races, and Captain Berry has had charge of the schooner-yacht *Clio*, sloops *Regina*, *Mischief*, and *Katrina*, and while master of the latter had some sharp contests with the *Titania*, which was being sailed by Captain Haff. We give, on another page, illustrations of the new crew at work on the *Colonia*, which will be used for purposes of drill and discipline preparatory to the international races.

diamonds. It was correctly solved by Messrs. G. Allen, F. Buckley, C. M. Bright, A. Bockins, E. F. Bullard, Jr., "P. H. B.," A. W. Barrett, G. Bone, J. W. Crawford, D. Crane, C. A. Dixon, W. Duane, W. Edwards, W. Falconer, P. Freeman, G. E. Fell, C. N. Gowen, H. Gaffy, A. P. Hill, W. H. Haskell, A. W. Hall, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," M. L. Kimball, W. L. Kingsley, G. Lane, C. H. Martens, C. A. Moody, T. D. Martin, Mrs. H. T. Menner, H. Noonan, A. Odebrecht, A. Peckham, H. W. Pickett, A. G. Pitts, F. J. Pratt, A. M. Rose, P. Stafford, C. S. Stanworth, R. B. Sterrett, R. Scruggs, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, C. K. Thompson, M. A. Viele, C. W. Wales, A. Wehl, N. G. Whistler, and W. Young. All others gave four tricks as the best result.

Here is a pretty ending which is full of trick, given as Problem No. 20.

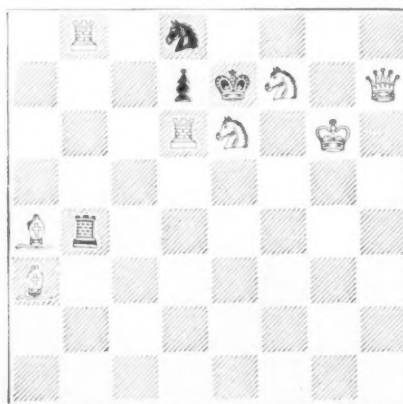
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM NO. 14. BY C. E. DENNIS.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 11. BY TEED.

White.

1 Q to Q 2

2 Kt to B 3 mate.

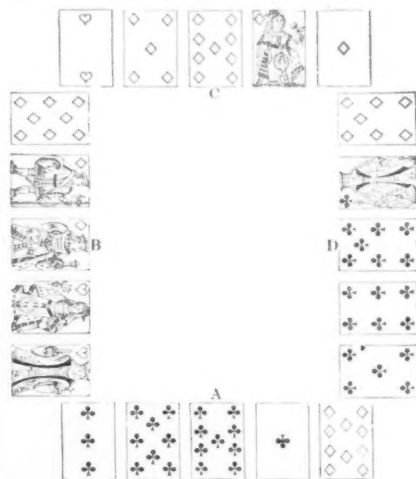
Black.

K takes Kt.

Mr. Teed, who is a great stickler for the problem code which forbids the introduction of pieces which take no part in the solution of a problem, composed No. 11 to illustrate his views. The king, as is often the case in problems, cuts no figure in producing the mate. "Therefore," as the author facetiously remarked, "it might as well remain in the box." The problem is a remarkably pretty one, and was mastered by Messrs. A. Odebrecht, Jr., Dr. Tyler, Porter Stafford, M. J. Deane, "D. F. S.," G. M. Ross, T. C. McIlwaine, C. Erickson, J. B. Collins, C. H. Miller, R. G. Fitzgerald, A. W. Hall, R. Rogers, C. V. Smith, G. Moss, E. A. Baldwin, C. Summers, and E. A. Hervey. All others were incorrect.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM NO. 15 was another score-breaker, and many of our best solvers failed to discover the proper defense to the lead of heart four. The winning lead is spade two, B diamond six, C club seven, D diamond five. A then leads heart four, B heart jack, C queen, and D club jack. C leads heart ace, D diamond nine, A club seven and takes the last two tricks in



Trumps all out. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

What a Word Will Do.

BYRON reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Appomattox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors, from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin—in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetters, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," and Enlarged Glands. *

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free. *

IN Making Bread and Cake

the best results, the finest flavored, sweetest, lightest, and most wholesome foods, are obtained by the use of the best baking powder. The highest scientific authorities, alike with American housekeepers, agree that the ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the best.

A pure grape cream of tartar baking powder containing no alum, lime, or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, 104 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Do you sleep ?

"For years past I had been greatly annoyed by frequent spells of excessive nervousness, the most annoying feature of which was that I would lie awake for hours after retiring and wear myself out with turning and tossing about. I purchased one bottle of

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

and, on retiring, took a wineglassful. It quieted my nerves almost immediately, and I went to sleep at once and slept soundly all night, and arose in the morning feeling quite refreshed. **"Best" Tonic** is the only preparation that has ever given me the slightest relief from this terrible nervousness. I have recommended it to numerous friends and acquaintances who were troubled as I was, and, without exception, they have expressed great satisfaction from the use of **"Best" Tonic**.

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Shenandoah, Va.

"Grip?" "Best" Tonic will make you strong again.

We have issued six pretty little "Secret" Books. We will send them to you free. Mention this publication. Address . . .

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THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

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WORLD'S FAIR

Milwaukee Beer
is Famous,
Pabst has made it so.
Make no mistake,
but get
Pabst
—Milwaukee

There are others,
but you are
sure of
Pabst

BINNER ENGRAVER
CHIC.

NEW KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE.

THE new botanic discovery, Alkavis, is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free, if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures, and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

AN OCULAR DELUSION.

"WHY do you think there is something radically wrong with fair woman's eyesight?"
"Because she always thinks that her hat is the smallest in the theatre and her sleeves the largest."—*Judge*.

THE CHICAGO IDEA.

MRS. WALDO—"Don't you think your divorce-laws should be changed?"
Mrs. Lakeside—"I most decidedly do. It's a shame that a woman can't get alimony from more than one husband at a time."—*Judge*.

THE ONE EXCEPTION.

MRS. NUWED—"Our landlord thinks of nothing but the rent."
Nuwed—"You wrong him, my dear. I'm sure he never thinks of the rent in the roof."—*Judge*.

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

It leads the world of travel in all things—
In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed;
It introduced block signals, and all else
Tending to give, with safety, quickest time;
The vestibule, electric lighting, baths,
Ladies' maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets,
Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—
In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited."
It gives to all desiring privacy.
Compartment cars equipped par excellence.
It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines
From North and East to South and West.
Hours from New York to Chicago, 23;
Cincinnati, 21; St. Louis, 29.
Others may emulate, but equal, none.
THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

LAUGHING BABIES

are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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IF any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 331, Albion, Michigan.

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Ripans Tablets purify the blood, clear the skin of blemishes, and make life more worth living.

THE Sohmer Piano received the first medal of merit and diploma of honor at the Centennial Exhibition. It has the indorsement of the leading artists in the United States and foreign countries.

Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success.

It is the happy combination of these most valuable ingredients, materially increasing their potency; hence the great value of Scott's Emulsion in wasting diseases. We think people should know what they are taking into their stomachs.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY IS Cuticura SOAP

Sole greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Telegram from Russia:

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Ordered by the Court Physicians.

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H.I.M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

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"The Ideal Tonic Wine."

Fortifies, Nourishes and Stimulates the Body and Brain.

It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani" at all Druggists.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES.
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City, inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

A BRIGHT DAY

AND A CLEAR COMPLEXION ARE BOTH DESIRABLE; ONE COSTS US NOTHING, THE OTHER BUT LITTLE.

BUY

Any day is bright that brings to a sufferer from blemishes of the skin the welcome change effected by Constantine's Pine Tar Soap.
—DRUGGISTS.—
(Persian Healing.)

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.
Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S O H M E R.

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A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, cures

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

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[A poetical inspiration suggested to W. J. Lampton, of the Detroit Free Press, on receiving a card advertising the Great Western Champagne.]

Who cares for the foreign
When native is by?
Who cares for a sparkler,
When Extra Dry,
Like this, invites us to learn that it is
The only ineffable, ecstatic fizz?

Who cares for the golden
Glory of France;
The foamings of amber,
Which kings entrance,
When right here at home is the glory that is
The only ineffable, ecstatic fizz?

Who cares for the products
Of Epernay,
When the Great Western pops in
Its cheerful way?
And who, when he drinks, won't say that it is
The only ineffable, ecstatic fizz?

Who cares for the hifi-sides
Of sunny France,
When the Pleasant Valley
Gives him the chance
To be wafted to glory on the waves of what is
The only ineffable, ecstatic fizz?

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Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding
ought to be on the edge of your dress skirt. Is It?

Duxbak Rainproof keeps the skirt dry. Take no substitute, no matter what the clerk says.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, with Booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10c. in stamps.
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Paris Novelties:

Street and Carriage Costumes,
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Street and Evening Wraps,
Silk, Plisse, and Chiffon Waists
RIDING HABITS.
Tailor-Made Suits.

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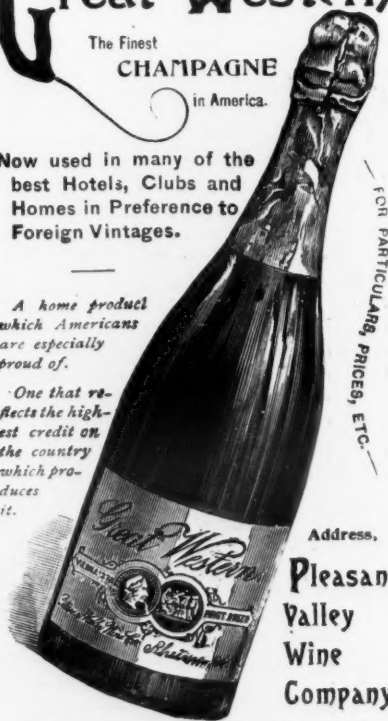
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Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



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LIKE A GOOD TEMPER SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.

SOZODONT.

An article that is at once a teeth preserver and breath purifier, and yet so pleasant and convenient to use, its exceeding popularity does not surprise any one. Time has fully established the fact that **Sozodont** possesses these excellent qualities in an eminent degree. Every person who has ever used it proclaims it a perfect antidote to dental decay. Pure teeth are essential to a pure breath, and both are enjoyed by all who use the balsamic **Sozodont**. It removes all disagreeable odors from the mouth arising from Tobacco, Spirits, or Catarrh.



DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE.

No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.
THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN.
WENT OUT AFTER A BATH.
FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT.
NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS.
GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

YOU HAVE A COLD!

and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equaled Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
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Noon and Night,

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the east and west, by the New York Central Lines.

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Eleven through trains each day, Practically a train every hour, via

"America's
Greatest Railroad."

The Automatic Reel



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A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

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The highest of all high-grade machines built in the world, regardless of price. Our facilities are the best in the world for the production of the finest possible results. Every machine fully guaranteed. 21-lb. Scorchers, \$85. Ladies' 23 lbs., \$75. Catalogue free.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

Our Foreign Pictures.

We give several illustrations of incidents connected with the war in the East, and the life of the Chinese army. One shows Chinese soldiers practicing shooting by firing at a target, consisting of a metal plate about two feet square, suspended between two uprights, the distance varying from seventy yards to perhaps double that distance. Another depicts a street scene in Tokio—Japanese boys deriding Chinese residents. A picture of more solemn interest shows a scene at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem during Easter week. The column of scourging at which Christ was flagellated is preserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on Maundy Thursday, each year, is brought out of the tabernacle which protects it on ordinary days, and, under the supervision of the Franciscans, the believers come to kiss it. Greeks, Russians, Armenians—all the Christians of every confession—hasten to profit by this opportunity which is offered to them. The throng, in consequence, is dense, noisy, and agitated—impossible to keep in order although the whips of the *caras* are exercised on it with great vigor. The illustration, which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News*, and which "represents this episode of the holy days, gives an idea of the frightful tumult. Each one is trying to approach the first, trembling lest the day should close before he has been able to arrive at the precious relic."

WISE IGNORANCE.

"THERE'S a great deal in the magazines about Napoleon Bonaparte now," said a man on a railway train to a fellow-passenger.

"Napoleon Bonaparte?" repeated the latter, inquiringly. "I don't think I ever met him. Who is he?"

The other man turned away with a look of disgust, and the questioner winked slyly at a man across the aisle who had been an interested listener to the conversation.—*Judge*.

LAI D HER UP.

NODD—"Our nurse-girl has just had a terrible fit of sickness."

Todd—"Yes? What was the matter?"

Nodd—"By mistake she took some medicine she was going to give to the baby."—*Judge*.

BRIDGEPORT CYCLOMETER.

ACCURACY GUARANTEED.

More Reliable Than a Watch.
Send for illustrated catalogue describing all styles for measuring 10,000 or 1,000 miles. Latest model has bell attachment, ringing at completion of every mile. All styles made for 25, 28 and 30 inch wheels.

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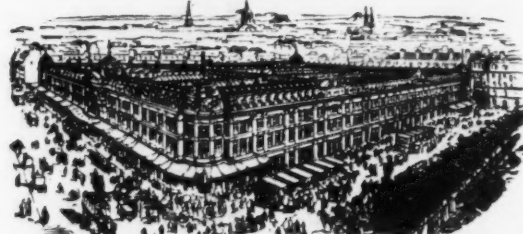
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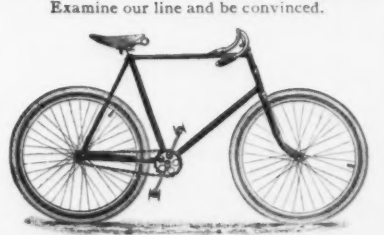
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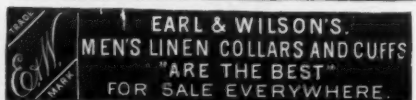
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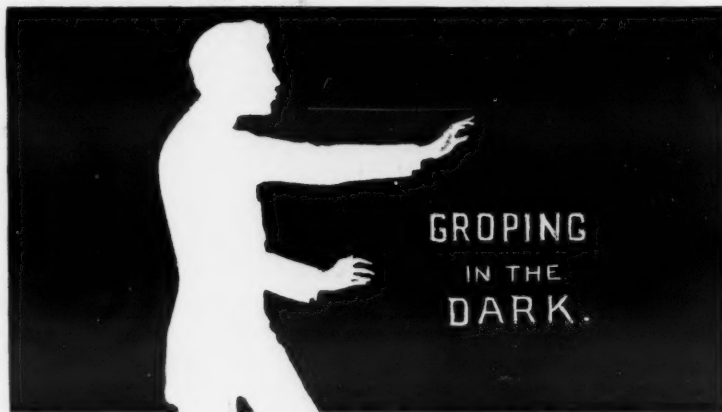
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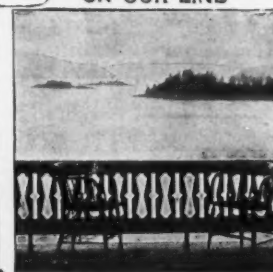
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